National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SPOTS IN YOUR FEASTS OF CHARITY.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE part which the clergy have taken in the troubles that have culminated in civil war will make a fearful reckoning when these servants of a strict Master are called to account. But it is not our object now to direct attention so much to the past as to the present. We have a high respect for the sacred calling of the minister of Christ. When he is engaged in those employments and pursuing that mission which his commission gives him the power and makes it his duty to fulfill, he is removed from the sphere of worldly criticism, and is entitled to respectful treatment from the laity. He is the messenger of a Great King, as such he must be heard on those matters which belong to his mission. But if in pursuing his course he shall prostitute his mission to the purposes of political squabbles, or the service of political parties, if he, while wearing the cloak of the ministry, deals in the small wares of human rivalries and earthly scrambles for office and spoils, he but turns the house of God into a den of thieves, and leaves it to be a subject of profound regret that his Master does not come as he did of old and scourge him and those like him from the sacred pavements.

A year ago a clergyman uttered in the pulpits of New York, the sentiment, "our piety must take counsel of our patriotism," and followed out the infidel doctrine to its extreme result. Within the past week a clergyman spoke in an assembly of clergymen here, and was applauded when he spoke, loudly affirming that "the black race is incomparably the best portion of the South," and lest his remark should not be clearly understood, he repeated it in various forms, and added superlatives to the terms in which he described the superiority of the colored race over the white. The taste of the gentleman is a matter of less importance than his piety and his patriotism. He is the representative of a class of men who exist among us, and we mention him and his remarks not because of any importance attaching to the person or the occasion, but because they bring out boldly into view the corrupt political impiety which is taught in some churches, and the influence which some clergymen are exerting to prolong the war, to prevent the restoration of the Union, to bring us into an antagonism of races, and a feud which can have no end.

It is a simple fact, that a New York clergyman, of a respectable Christian connection, a man who was born of white parents, educated among white children and white young men and young ladies, accustomed to the refinements of society among a white people, asserted in a public speech at a "feast of charity," that the blacks of the South were in "every way better than the whites," and was applauded by an assembly of clergymen and ladies, who were listening to him!

The negro question would have a swift solution in the hands of these men! With what delight would they seek the embraces of the superior race!

We have had almost enough of this stuff from Northern fanatics. It was bad enough when they proposed equality, but the sudden discovery of the superiority of the black over the white was left for a New York clergyman talking in the Congregational Association, and applauded by white men and women. It will not do for this gentleman to say that he confined his remarks to the South, or his hearers that their applause had such a limit. We acknowledge no difference in the white race of the North and the South. They are bone of our bone. We have intermarried, and intermingled; our children and their children are descended from the same ancestors; we are one nation, one family. We claim them as our brethren, we claim the same ownership and national parentage in Washington, we are proud of every Southern American who has written his name on the roll of the country's servants. The clergy of the South have for a century put to shame the blundering metaphysicians and half infidels who have misled a large part of the Northern Church. We claim as our countrymen those noble followers of John Knox, the valiant descendants of the Huguenots, the faithful, zealous servants of God in the Southern States whose names are reverend indeed. God forbid that the American Church should ever hang its faith on a Northern anti-slavery clergy, or that such men as James Waddell, blind and eloquent, or his illustrious descendants, should ever cease to be named with reverence by the pious men of all time, as exemplars of American faith, in the American Church. We speak of the Southern Church because these are clergymen of whom we are talking as the defamers of the South. In the long record of glory which America has graven on her mountains to be read forever by the race of man, there is no superiority of North over South or of South over North, and that man, Northerner or Southerner, should be struck forever dumb who now seeks to establish an inferiority of either section.

If there is any peaceful and prosperous future before this land, it is the restoration of affection and respect between North and South, and that restoration will be effected only when we silence the men, on both sides, who encourage these sectional comparisons and geographical distinctions. There are just such men in the Church of the South as these in the North, and in both cases they are the troublers of our Israel, the blocks in the progress of the nation, the enemies of the Union, and the enemies of the gospel of peace and goodwill. To them and to their teachings the people owe much of the present war, and so long as they continue to babble their folly, so long there will be trouble in the land. Having permitted their piety to take counsel of their patriotism, and having the latter only in a conditional form, they have effectually destroyed both. Hence always (as on Thursday evening at the Congregational Union), they "speak evil of those things they know not; but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves; *these are spots in your feasts of charity, when they feast with you*, feeding themselves without fear; clouds they are, without water, carried about by winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame!"

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY AGAIN.

From Bennett's Herald.

THE Anti-Slavery Society took another pull at the bellows on Wednesday evening. We gave an abstract of the speeches yesterday. Mr. Theodore Tilton, one of the editors of *The Independent*, and noticeable only for his evident attempts to get a little notoriety by wearing Henry Ward Beecher's old clothes, and adopting Henry Ward Beecher's cast-off opinions, made a very silly speech, and distinguished himself by quoting a Latin sentence without understanding its meaning. Wendell Phillips, who is good for any number of speeches daily, and does all the oratory of the Society by the job, followed the twenty-fifth rate Beecher in a spicy lecture. Phillips attacked President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, and wound up by assaulting Parson Brownlow. Phillips had better let Brownlow alone. The Parson is a rough, ungainly, coarse, tough, vulgar, honest, Christian man, whose good, loyal heart redeems his bad language. Phillips is a clever, polished, refined, educated, gentlemanly fanatic, whose heart is as black as the negroes he professes to love, and whose treason is as abhorrent as his eloquence is attractive. Phillips may have the advantage of Brownlow in manner and elocution: but if the comparison is extended to the hearts, the purposes and the lives of these two men, we think Wendell Phillips will find it very odious.

THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE COUNTRY.

From The Journal of Commerce.

WHAT wise man doubts that the Union can be saved only by attaching to it all the inhabitants? The land is not the Union. Cotton fields and tobacco plantations, rice swamps and sugar fields are not the Union. The men of the South must be led into the Union, and since they cannot be converted all at once they must be converted slowly.

Will abolitionism ever accomplish this? Will legislation at Washington in the interest of emancipation ever accomplish it? Will volumes of the speeches of Sumner and Lovejoy help toward it? Let any Northerner, even let a rank Abolitionist, ask himself what would be his own feelings under the same circumstances, and judge Southern men accordingly. They are of our own sort, as politicians and as men, and they will act as we would act under the same circumstances.

The only hope that any wise and patriotic statesman has for the future of our country, is in the destruction of abolitionism as a political element. It has cursed the nation, and is bent to-day on dragging us to perdition. No sane man can see a ray of hope in the future from its advice or propositions. On the other hand conservative action can and must save us. The radical leaders will fall into ecstacies of anger when the true future for the country is laid before them in plain words. It is this. There must be in Congress and in the country a union of Northern conservative men and Southern conservative men, so as to make a working majority against Northern and Southern radicalism. We want good Union men sent to Congress from Southern States as rapidly as possible. There will be strong efforts to keep them out, but the efforts will fail. The radical men are now foreseeing the possibility of such a Congressional change, and are laboring to prevent it, or to hasten their destructive legislation before it becomes impossible to carry out their pet measures. What the nation demands for its salvation, is a union of Northern and Southern Union men, against Northern and Southern disunionists. And the North should frown at once on any attempt to create a party which pretends to be for the Union, but which is so sectional in its platform that a Southern Union man cannot stand on it. There is a sentiment at the South that may be evoked by a constitutional and conservative invitation from the North. But it will never respond to abolitionism, nor to any party which does not forbid abolitionism from any voice in its management. The attempt to revive or prolong the existence of a sectional party, would if successful, be the final ruin of the nation.

"LET THE NATION PERISH."

From The New York Observer.

"Even if the nation must perish with it, there must be an end of this abomination."—*Rev. R. M. Hatfield.*

WE have cordially endorsed the President's Message proposing a system of gradual, compensated emancipation of slaves. We are ready to give time, money and labor, to deliver this whole country from slavery, and we will go just as far and as fast in this work, by law, as the Constitution and the Bible will permit. But when the Rev. Mr. Hatfield says that slavery must be abolished even if the nation perish with it, we regard the teaching as unpatriotic, dangerous, destructive. Our country has lived and flourished more than eighty years with slavery in it. It would have flourished more and better without it; we trust in God that it will come to an end, and that every man in the whole land will enjoy the blessings of liberty. But we do not desire to see a nation of twenty-eight million of white people "perish" *with* four million of blacks, because the immediate emancipation of all the slaves cannot be secured.

This idea of Mr. Hatfield's is the *gist* of the difficulty that is to prevent a settlement of the war and the restoration of the Union under the Constitution. He and the party with which he acts are opposed to any settlement *on the basis* of the Union as it was before the war, the only ground on which we have a constitutional government at all. When the rebels are crushed by the strong hand of lawful power, these enemies of the Constitution among us are to be met and conquered. We are glad that they avow their principles so distinctly. We take issue with them now, just as we did when they first proclaimed our glorious Constitution to be "an agreement with hell." They hate it now. They avow their desire to see "the nation perish" unless slavery is abolished. Rather let every man perish who would destroy the Republic if he cannot secure the *immediate* attainment of his ends, especially when that immediate result would be equally injurious to both races. Such are the men whose patriotism, if they ever had any, is wholly lost in their fanciful and mistaken philanthropy.

ABOLITION SEDITION AGAIN RAMPANT.

From Bennett's Herald.

WE are told that Satan sometimes makes his appearance in the garb of an angel of light. This explains why the abolition orators choose religious anniversaries and houses of public worship as the times and places for their seditious conversaziones. Last year, shrinking into their holes like vermin before the storm of popular indignation, the Abolitionists did not dare hold their anniversaries. Since then, however, they have been allowed greater license, have been invited to lecture at the National Capital, and, generally speaking, have basked in comparative sunshine, disturbed only by occasional showers of rotten eggs from the good people of Cincinnati and Burlington. Consequently, emboldened by this gleam of fortune, the Jacobin ranters have reappeared in this city, holding high festival in the Church of the Puritans.

Dressed in new spring suits—for the Anti-Slavery Societies have been taking up large contributions for contrabands recently—the abolition "spouting wretches" made their appearance upon the platform. Among them *The Tribune* records the presence of Brig-Gen. Rufus Saxton, United States Army. What a loyal Brigadier could be doing in such company, unless he had a file of soldiers with loaded muskets to aid him in dispersing the assemblage, we are at a loss to know. Let us charitably suppose that Gen. Saxton attended merely from curiosity, or from a desire to learn from the abolition orators what he ought not to do in South Carolina. At any rate, he made no speech, and probably left early, disgusted with the whole affair, and wondering why he was to be sent South to put down a rebellion, when the government allowed sedition to disgrace this metropolis. The Church was crowded with a large audience, who went to sleep over the business proceedings of the meeting, and loudly applauded a chance reference to Yorktown, as if a Union victory could be appropriately celebrated in a disunion convention. William Lloyd Garrison, remembering the example of "the Devil's quoting Scripture," read a chapter of the Bible; and the Reverend Post, of Jersey City, followed in a prayer, which is described as "rather long," and which was probably as effectual as the long prayers of the ancient Pharisees. A report, exhibiting a favorable condition of the finances, was next read, and the performances then began in earnest. It is a remarkable feature of these abolition gatherings that they begin with prayer and a financial statement, and end with hymns and the contribution box.

A letter was read from Gerrit Smith, who said nothing important, but enclosed fifty dollars. The report of the Executive Committee congratulated the Society upon the spread of Abolition, and flung hard names at the Southern rebels, whom the Society had fanatically deluded into treason. A colored individual named Brown, who had once been a slave, then attempted to tell what the slaves thought of emancipation, but failed most dismally, having apparently forgotten what he thought as a slave, and being unable to think very clearly as a freeman. One of Brown's arguments, in favor of emancipation and against colonization, was, that if the negroes were idle and worthless they might just as well remain here at the North, because, of course, they could not enter into competition with industrious white men. Has Brown ever heard of a poorhouse or a prison? Does he know that industrious white men have to pay taxes to support such places? Is he aware that idle, worthless niggers would fill them? Theodore Tilton, a second-rate Beecher, then passed round the hat, and the Rev. Robert Hatfield, of Brooklyn, followed in an attack upon God or the Constitution, whichever authorized and permitted slavery, though we must do him the justice to say that he rather gave the Constitution the credit of the "infamous wrong." The Abolitionists are very fond of assailing the Constitution, because they think it a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and can find in it no sentence which does not make secessionists and Abolitionists equally guilty of treason.

Wendell Phillips, the lion of the occasion, then followed in a speech which savored more of rotten eggs than any of his previous performances. In a couple of hours' time he managed to utter enough treason to entitle him to half a dozen hangings. He has always deserved one. He ridiculed the President and his colonization schemes, and declared that Fremont was the virtual dictator of the republic. He attacked the American Church and Supreme Court. Having abused everybody in this world, Phillips took up the cause of his dearest friend, and declared that "the devil was an ass." This is very unkind and ungrateful of Phillips, and we hope that his friend will pay him oil for it, sooner or later. If he does not, we shall agree with Phillips, for once, and think that his opinion of Pluto is perfectly correct. Certainly Satan cannot be accused of not taking care of his own; for these Abolitionists still survive. We advise the government to take counsel against them with Parson Brownlow. The parson is a loyal man, and comes from a slave State. He has, of course, been abused by Dr. Cheever and his troupe. Now, Brownlow advises that Abolitionists and secessionists shall be hung in pairs. The idea is an excellent one. Let the government send these ranters to Fort Lafayette a while, to be seasoned, and then string them up with the rebels, like dried haddock, at the end of the war. Thus the country will be saved, and his Satanic Majesty be enabled to settle his accounts with Phillips very speedily.

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT IN RELIGION AND POLITICS.

From Bennett's Herald.

IT is the custom of all the Protestant Churches, except the Episcopal, to give certificates to members who, because removing to other localities, or from different causes, may desire to join other Churches. It appears that, in the case of persons desirous to join the Churches of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Cheever, several of the clergy in New York and Brooklyn refuse to issue such certificates, on the ground that such men are not true Christians, that they are fanatical semi-infidels of the Satanic school, repudiating the authority of the Bible, and that, by their seditious course, they have brought terrible calamity on the country.

This is a very healthy sentiment—it is the commencement of a great revolution at the North. The present resentment is as nothing compared to what will be developed hereafter. We are now engaged in putting down the rebels at the South. When that is accomplished—and nothing delays it but the satanic attitude of the Abolitionists—then we will put down the abolition rebels of the North, so that the cause of all future rebellion shall be extinguished. We will put them down in the Church, on the streets, at the polls, in the counting-house, and wherever we meet them. They will be shunned as moral, social and political lepers, who have brought ruin on the country, and must atone for their crimes by seclusion from society. Such men as Beecher, Cheever, Greeley, Phillips, Garrison, and all who aid their diabolical designs, will be sent to Coventry, like the murderer Cain, upon whom, it is said, God put a mark, that men should avoid him.

Selections.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY.

From The American Baptist.

IT is not quite so clear as it used to be, it is said, which was the anti-slavery anniversary this year. It formerly meant the anniversary of the *Garrison* Abolitionists, as they were called; the pestilent fellows who insisted that anti-slavery action should be taken by the government and the Churches; that the enormous sin of oppression should be instantly destroyed; a society originated for the purpose of agitating the subject of abolishing slavery, in contradistinction from those societies which either entirely forbade the discussion of the subject, or touched it so lightly as to amount to nothing. Last year, the meeting of the Society was omitted, that, as the public mind was undergoing a transformation in the right direction, no imaginary obstacle should be placed in the way of its progress. Having for many years led public opinion, they now dropped behind to watch and see that it went aright, ready to step to the front again if necessary—a noble act of self-abnegation. This year public sentiment was sufficiently advanced to warrant a gathering to rejoice over the glorious change which twelve short months of war had effected. The altered appearance of things was striking. Dr. Cheever's large church was filled on Tuesday morning to listen to the speeches of Mr. Brown, formerly a slave; Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Wendell Phillips and W. Lloyd Garrison. On Tuesday evening a good audience was gathered to listen to Dr. Cheever, who spoke for an hour and a half, followed by Miss Anna Dickinson; and on Wednesday evening Cooper Institute was crowded to hear Theodore Tilton and Wendell Phillips before the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, and songs from the Hutchinsons.

In by-gone days, *The Herald* could raise a mob, and send its serpents to hiss. People staid at home from fear of a riot, or attended with uneasy apprehensions of great danger. Policemen not long since stand away to allow the meeting to be disturbed, and more recently were present in large numbers to protect the assembly; but this year all was changed. The meetings were not hooted beforehand; were not considered a place of danger, or dangerous to society. The people came out in large numbers, and no police were needed, for not a solitary hiss was heard. The most severe denunciations of slavery and slaveholders is the most popular form of speech among the very people who, two years ago, would not have allowed a word to be said against either. Two new classes of attendants were seen at the meetings: those who were Abolitionists at heart, but did not dare to say so, lest some masterful spirit should smite them; and those who but recently were slavery's fast defenders, and cursed the Abolitionists as the most insane disturbers of the public peace. From all, the applause was enthusiastic. It is a new era for Mr. Phillips to find himself applauded so vociferously for the very saying for which he recently expected to be stoned and insulted. Even Mr. Lincoln and his Generals could be criticised without any ugly demonstrations, and the name of Fremont was welcomed by a storm of applause. Mr. Phillips said Mr. Lincoln occupied the chair, but Mr. Fremont governed; and there can be no question that Fremont's proclamation struck the harmonic chord in the popular heart. The people do not see the necessity for keeping slavery to the advantage of the rebels, both while they fight and after it. It can only be seen by those who hate negroes, or have done a large Southern trade, or hold some position, ministerial or political, which makes it necessary to keep an influential supporter. Mr. Brown showed that there was little danger of the blacks injuring white labor by competition, if they were as worthless as represented. Mr. Phillips gave a most convincing account of the progress of events in the British West Indies, after slavery was abolished.

At the business meeting in the afternoon of Tuesday, among other topics, the manner of increasing the circulation of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD was discussed. Oliver Johnson and Theodore Tilton thought that ten thousand dollars put into the hands of a shrewd business man, appointed to use it in the various ways by which *The Independent* has made itself a subscription list so large, would secure THE STANDARD from 15,000 to 25,000 subscribers. Mr. Powell, S. May, Jr., and Garrison thought otherwise; that nothing could give the paper a large circulation while it retained its radical principles. Mr. Garrison did not believe that if all the angels who sang peace and good-will to men at the birth of Jesus, with Gabriel at their head, should come to edit THE STANDARD, it would gain five hundred new subscribers. A gentleman sitting by as suggested unless "it had the devil for a business agent." This is emphatically true of all radical papers. To make these as popular as others, you must not only have the business agent, but change the principles. *The Tribune* cannot compete with *The Herald* in this city, not for want of a business agent or money, but for lack of lying and immoral principles. Since this war, many here who formerly had *The Tribune*, have abandoned it for *The Herald*, simply because it took too high ground for them on Fremont's proclamation, and slavery, and its strictures on McClellan. To secure the patronage of Democrats, you must publish a Democratic paper; to gain conservatives, you must be conservative. Thus *The Independent* was not, and is not a radicalist, but a conservative; and as it was the best paper of the kind, it secured that class of readers throughout the country. But it must be remembered that, for fifteen years, *The Independent* was not a paying concern, and thousands of dollars were expended to obtain for its correspondents the finest writers in the country. Besides, it is the organ of the Congregational denomination. It has been a moderate paper, and was taken by moderate men. Had it taken as high ground, and censured as severely all who winked at human slavery, as did THE STANDARD, its list would have dwindled as fast as it grew under the conservatism which ruled it. *The American Baptist*, STANDARD and *Liberator*, can never have such a circulation as some others, until they take popular ground, or the popular mind comes up to them. Admirers of Drs. Kendrick, Hackett and Richard Fuller's views would never take *The Baptist*. All the money and business ability of the world could not make our principles acceptable, until our opponents' principles are changed, be the editorial and general reading ever so superior. As Mr. Garrison said, they are bound to be small while they are radicalists. Should the war close and leave slavery a blasted institution, radical papers would increase their lists, unless, as would doubtless be the case, the conservatives would keep up with the march of the public mind.

The other anniversaries show a decided alteration in their tone. The war has relieved the Bible, Missionary and Tract Societies of their bone of contention, and we hear of no objections now to anti-slavery talk and action. There are few dear slaveholding brethren but have gone into the unpardonable sin of secession, and hence no resolutions need be shaped to suit their tastes. Shooting negroes was no wrong of which these pious bodies could take notice until white blood mingled with it. At the old American Tract Society, the strongest anti-slavery speeches were made, and no reply was elicited from brethren or old defenders of the South. H. W. Beecher said at the Boston Tract Society, the old Society was going so fast, the Boston Society would have to play conservative and hold it back. Oh! if we could only see these Societies acting from moral principle, we should have a jubilee; but we have little confidence in death-bed repentances.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE CONTRABANDS.

From The Philadelphia North American.

GEN. HUNTER'S order to organize, enlist, drill, and arm the contrabands at Port Royal is one of the highest importance in many respects. It is strictly in accordance with the orders issued to Gen. Sherman by Gen. Cameron before the sailing of the Port Royal expedition. We copied and analyzed that order at the time it was issued, and showed that it would cover whatever action was found necessary in dealing with the freed blacks. But the temper of Gen. Sherman was inimical to the spirit of the order, and hence he never executed it as it was intended. His opening proclamation to the Carolinians, while it might have suited in some Border State, where a loyal element of population existed, was totally out of place in South Carolina, where the rebellion had its origin, where the people have been assiduously educated for thirty years past to all the subtle refinements of pro-slavery reasoning, and where hatred of the Union and of all loyal citizens of the Republic is innate and deep rooted.

In all his operations at Port Royal, Gen. Sherman never encountered a loyal Carolinian of the white race. His moderation was thrown away upon a people who could not appreciate it. He could find no white man, woman or child who would even stay in the region he occupied, and the few blacks who remained on the plantations, and who received us with intense joy as their friends and protectors, were simply huddled together and fed, without any system whatever being pursued respecting them. We make now no criticism whatever upon the military operations of Gen. Sherman, which may have been all that was possible and proper.

As the first result of Sherman's policy towards the blacks, we received a most shocking report of their condition, from a government agent sent there to investigate, and so deeply did the picture drawn by him affect the feelings of Northern people, that great efforts were made to extend aid to the contrabands. Although the contributions and efforts of the North for this purpose were liberal enough, the management does not seem to have been altogether successful. Another idea was started of bringing the blacks North, as though we had any need of such a population, and the result of the first experiment was such as to satisfy everybody that the North was utterly repugnant to the plan of making us reponsible for the misfortunes of these people.

Gen. Hunter, in his recent effort to enlist and arm the blacks, is merely carrying into effect the original order of Gen. Cameron to Gen. Sherman, and which that officer either never understood or never enforced. The phrases of that order clearly pointed out that those blacks were to be employed at work upon fortifications, or as servants, or as workmen in the various departments about military posts, or in transportation business, or in any other way found advisable, and directed that they should be regularly enrolled and provided for. Not a word of that order was obeyed, and had it been, we should probably have saved millions of dollars. We have now white men doing the very work at Port Royal which these blacks were to be employed for.

Gen. Hunter takes the bull by the horns. He enlists the blacks as soldiers, and means that those not fit for military service shall perform all the work for the season is now fast approaching when that whole sea island cotton district of South Carolina has heretofore been considered so sickly that the white natives regularly retired from it to seek safety either at the North or in the mountain regions of South Carolina. Those who wish to have our Northern soldiers run risks in these swamps which the Southerners themselves never did, merely for the sake of a prejudice against enlisting the blacks as soldiers, must be very thin skinned. Black soldiers have been enlisted and used by the South ever since the war began.

THE FEELING IN REBELDOM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Tribune* who accompanied Gen. Mitchel's bold advance into Northern Alabama, thus writes from Huntsville, under date of the 24th ult.:

"The people here, as at all points this side of Nashville, Shelbyville excepted, are *seceesh*. Many are despondent and admit our superior strength and their hopeless condition, but the majority feel and talk *fight*. I have sounded their sentiments, and assure you that there is nothing left in their organization, mental or other, friendly to the Union cause, or betraying aught that speaks of love for American institutions. In the mistaken notions the Northern people entertain relative to the feeling of their misguided (?) brethren in the South, their thoughts are second to the wish. Let the North become reconciled to the *fact* that, in order to restore the Union as it was, the South must be subjugated, and act accordingly. The only class showing preference for our cause are the negroes. I will yet have to meet the first one of them expressing sympathy with the rebels. Speaking with a slave woman, yesterday, the property of the (dis) Hon. Clement C. Clay, member of the Confederate Congress, she said, after helping a party of officers present to some refreshing sweet milk: 'De Lord bress you, gemmen, de Lord am on your side. I pray de Lord ebery day for you, and I knows he hear me.' It was said in such an earnest, fervent manner, that there was no doubting her sincerity. Our experience of the 'sacred institution' is rapidly abolitionizing the army, many pro-slavery Democrats have been already converted to the doctrines of emancipation, and well they may. Take the following as an instance of the abominable manstealing institution. A few days ago, one of our signal corps, a citizen of Chicago, informed me that a slave wished to become my servant, and wished to follow the army, as many do. He made his appearance in my tent—a number of my messmates being present, knew nothing of his antecedents. Among other answers he made to my questions, he mentioned his master. The first who spoke after this declaration was a strong pro-slavery man, my opponent in many discussions on the topic of slavery. 'What! you don't tell me that you belong to any one?' 'Yes, sir, I am a slave.' '*No longer, Sir*—you are free from this moment!' burst out the real noble heart of the recent apologist for slavery—and no wonder he thus earnestly entered into the subject, for before him stood a boy, sixteen years old, tall and well-formed, to all appearances a native of a Northern clime, skin white and clear, hair fair and silky, eyes blue, and in everything fairer than one-half of the Caucasian race. And yet he was a slave! His mother is an octoroon; his sisters are as white as himself, and the whole family was sold by the boy's *own* father. 'My father sold me, my mother, and sisters, to a man who is now in Richmond, serving in the rebel army.' This case, however, is decided upon. For although but a few days ago, this boy was a *slave* and a *nigger* in the eyes of the would-be destroyers of our country, to-day he is a free and white man. Such are the fruits of that institution, which has caused the present condition of our country."

THE BASIS OF PEACE.

THE *rebels* know, if *we* do not, that it is slavery which has grappled in deadly struggle with the Union, and that one of the two must perish. Varnish over the matter as we may, they feel that "the peculiar institution" bombarded Fort Sumter, seized the Norfolk and Pensacola Navy Yards, with the various armories, arsenals, mints, and sub-treasuries wrested by force from the Union, and turned over as spoils to the Confederacy; that it was slavery that triumphed at Manassas, and now reels under its discomfitures at Pea Ridge, Fort Donelson, and New Orleans. And, just so long as slavery lives and reigns in the hearts of the ruling caste in any State, so long will that State be agitated by secret conspiracies if not convulsed by open war to divide and destroy the American Republic, unless that end should meantime be attained, and the Union irrevocably disrupted.

This fact the self-styled Conservatives of the loyal States will not comprehend; hence their disquisitions on "the Union as it was" are utterly wide of the mark. A restoration of the hollow accord between Liberty and Slavery which existed, or seemed to exist, thirty years since, may be ever so desirable, but it is clearly impossible. The Right of Secession—that is, the right of the dominant party in any State to break up the Nation at pleasure—is henceforth a canon of the Slave Power, and will never be practically repudiated, though it may be formally disavowed. Make a compromise to-morrow whereby slavery shall be reinstated in the power it formerly possessed, its Masons and Slidells replaced in the Senate, its Floyds and Davises in the Cabinet, and its subservient Buchanans and Pierces in the White House, and it will fly afresh to arms on the first indication that the sceptre is passing from its own to an unlineal hand. It will regard the right to do so as consecrated by the struggles and sacrifices, the privations and sufferings, of the present rebellion, and will resort to its exercise whenever pretext and opportunity shall conspire to tempt the perilous issue. If the mortification of defeat in the present struggle be keen, it will be the easier, the sooner, provoked to invoke again the stern arbitrament of arms, in order to efface the stigma from its own and the world's memory; and it will begin forthwith to secure alliances, domestic or foreign, and to store up the means of rendering its next struggle successful through avoidance of the errors of and a supply of what was wanting in the former. The nation must now make its choice between a Union founded on identity of principles and convictions, therefore substantial and enduring, and a Union based on reciprocal hypocrisies—in simulation here matched by dissimulation there—a Union impelled by hopes of profit alone, and which must perish whenever those hopes are even transiently disappointed. A Union based on impartial Liberty, mutual Truth, universal Justice, is now possible; and that Union will abide securely forever. —*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.

GEN. DAVID HUNTER, commanding the Department of the South, having ascertained that the rebel authorities in his department were impressing slaves, arming them, and organizing them into a brigade, has issued the following important Order:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
"HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 9, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—The three States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, comprising the Military Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it became a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. *Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free.*

[Official.] DAVID HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

"ED. W. SMITH, Acting Assistant-Adjt.-General."

This Order, we understand, is based upon explicit instructions to Gen. Hunter to countervail any attempt of his traitor adversaries to use negroes against him by the most obvious and efficient means. The instructions carried out by Gen. Sherman would of themselves have justified this step, but we believe there are others to the same purport, but more recent and explicit.

Thus far, the rebels have had a full year's start of us in the employment of "contrabands" in this war. Slaves and free negroes have alike been compelled to open roads, throw up entrenchments, construct fortifications, plant batteries, and do all the fatigue duty of the war. Slaves have, of course, grown the food of the rebels and produced the wherewithal to buy all that they did not steal of their arms and ammunition. Blacks have for months been enlisted, mustered, organized, and drilled, for the support of the rebellion. Meantime, our side has almost uniformly evinced a strange reluctance to avail itself of the services of this species of force, which has led impartial observers to conclude that we were not in earnest, and that, after a decent show of resistance for form's sake, the rebel confederacy was to be acknowledged. Up to this hour, the rebels, as if thoroughly in earnest, have wielded against the Unionists every weapon they could clutch; while our side has seemed specially solicitous not to hurt the rebels.

We judge this is now to end, at least in Gen. Hunter's department. That majority of the people of South Carolina who have been steadily and are heartily loyal is now relieved of all National obligation to be bought and sold, whipped and paddled, at the beck of the most obstinate and flagitous rebels. If compelled to serve these traitors any longer, it will not be by authority nor under compulsion of the United States.

"But what *good* will this do?" it is asked, "since the rebel soldiery are between us and the slaves, and will not allow them to know what we propose to do for them?"

It will do this good, at least, sir; it will assure every negro in Gen. Hunter's Department that ours is for him the side of Freedom—that, if he can only escape from the rebels and reach the lines of our forces, his slavery is ended. He will no longer be puzzled nor confused by the lying assertions of white scoundrels that we are seeking to steal him and sell him to Cuba; or, if he is, it will not be our fault. But the rebel masters' curses on this order will convey its purport into every household, and very soon nearly every negro in the Department will know that "Liberty and Union" are indeed "one and inseparable." Many are so benighted, debased, hopeless, that they will make no effort to escape from their chains; but thousands will be on the alert to gain their freedom; and a consciousness of this will distract the attention and paralyze the arm of the rebels. They must fight us with one hand, using the other to collar their bondmen.

At all events, this Order is a great fact. It indicates Progress. It points the way to unity and victory. Revolutions take no backward steps till their full circle is accomplished. And this infernal rebellion, fomented and inaugurated in the interest of slavery, and designed to insure to that great wrong boundless aggrandizement, security and sway, is destined, in the Providence of God, to work its utter downfall and ruin.—*Tribune.*

BROWNLOW AND YANCEY.

A FEW weeks prior to the last Presidential election they announced in their papers that the great bellwether of the whole disunion flock was to speak in Knoxville—a man, the two first letters of whose name are W. L. Yancey—a fellow that the Governor of South Carolina pardoned out of the State prison for murdering his uncle, Dr. Earle. He was announced to speak, and the crowd was two to one Union men. I had never spoken to him in all my life. He called out in an insolent manner, "Is Parson Brownlow in this crowd?" The disunionists cried, "Yes, he is here." "I hope," said he, "the Parson will have the nerve to come upon the stand and let me catechise him." "No," said the Breckinridge secessionists. For, gentlemen, we had four tickets in the field the last race—Lincoln and Hamlin, Bell and Everett—the Bell and Everett ticket was a kind of kangaroo ticket, with all the strength in the hind legs (great laughter)—and there was a Douglas and Johnson and a Breckinridge and Lane ticket. As God is my judge, the last was the meanest and shabbiest ticket of the four. Lincoln was elected fairly and squarely under the forms of law and the Constitution, and though I was not a Lincoln man, yet I give in to the will of the majority, and it is the duty of every patriot and true man to bow to the will of the majority (cheers). But the crowd halloed to Yancey, "Brownlow is here, but he has not nerve enough to mount the stand where you are." I rose and marched up the steps and said, "I will show you whether I have the nerve or not." "Sir," said he—and he is a beautiful speaker and personally a very fine looking man—"are you the celebrated Parson Brownlow?" "I am the only man on earth," I replied, "that fills the bill" (laughter). "Don't you think," said Yancey, "you are badly employed as a preacher, a man of your cloth, to be dabbling in politics and meddling with State affairs?" "No, sir," said I; "a distinguished member of the party you are acting with once took Jesus Christ up into a mount (uproarious laughter)—and said to the Savior, Look at the kingdoms of the world. All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me. "Now, sir," I said, "his reply to the Devil is my reply to you: 'Get thee behind me, Satan'" (renewed laughter and applause). I rather expected to be knocked down; but I stood with my right side to him and a cocked Derringer in my breeches pocket. I intended if I went off the scaffold that he should go the other way (cheers). "Now, sir," I said, "if you are through, I would like to make a few remarks." "Certainly, proceed," said Yancey. "Well, sir, you should tread lightly upon the toes of preachers, and you should get these disunionists to post you up before you launch out in this way against preachers. Are you aware, sir, that this old gray-headed man sitting here, Isaac Lewis, the President of the meeting, who has welcomed you, is an old disunion Methodist preacher, and Buchanan's pension agent in this town, who has been meddling in politics all his lifetime? Are you aware that this man, James D. Thomas, on my left, is a Breckinridge elector for this Congressional district, and that he was turned out of the Methodist ministry for whipping his wife and slandering his neighbors? Are you aware that this young man sitting in front of us, Col. Loudon G. Haynes, an elector of the Breckinridge ticket for the State of Tennessee at large, was expelled from the Methodist ministry for lying and cheating his neighbor in a measure of corn? For God's sake say nothing more about preachers until you know what sort of preachers are in your own ranks." And thus ended the colloquy between me and Yancey. I have never seen him since.—*Parson Brownlow's Speech in the Academy of Music, New York.*

THE PRISON-HOUSE OF SECESSION.

IN the first fury of the Revolution, through which the French nation succeeded in throwing off the tyranny which had oppressed them for ages, scenes of bloodshed and crime occurred which humanity shudders to contemplate. But it was reserved for a portion of the American people, in the Nineteenth Century, engaged in a desperate effort to overthrow the free institutions under which they have lived and prospered, to furnish examples of cruelty and outrage not to be paralleled in the history of the French Revolution. The civilized world has just learned with horror, through the report of Senator Wade, what sort of treatment the remains of our gallant dead, who fell at Manassas, met with at the hands of the victors, and as the rebel hosts are swept back toward the Gulf the secrets of the tyranny which has for so many months crushed the spirits and broken the hearts of the loyal inhabitants of the South, are beginning to be divulged.

These remarks have been suggested by a letter published in a late number of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, from Mr. John McLean Collins, who was in Memphis at the time of the occurrences he describes, and was an eye-witness of them. We republish the following passage from his letter:

On the 25th of April, 1861, I was arrested upon the allegation that I was a correspondent of *The Tribune*, and thrown into a dark and loathsome dungeon, where the actual existence of years rendered existence for any length of time impossible. This arrest *The Avalanche* was exceedingly jubilant over, and had their counsels for summary execution been acted upon, I would not now be writing this letter. While confined in that city, I was compelled

boy, who looked like a shirk, about 18 years old, while from under the bedding, which was piled into the waggon in a manner indicative of a sudden departure, half a dozen brown-faced, curly-headed urchins were laughing with that unconscious merriment which is so peculiar to young negrohood. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Dun'no, massa, dun'no; gwine somewhere, I reckon," answered the old man, whom I had taken to be the father. On pushing my inquiries, I could only learn that, sceing the army retreating—the army which to them seemed an army of deliverance—they had taken an old horse and cart from their master, hastily thrown in their small stock of useful household furniture, and started on with the column, led by an indefinite prospect of going northward, where they would be free.

I must mention the case of another negro whom I met upon the turnpike, loaded with bundles tied up in handkerchiefs and in bags, with two women—probably his mother and his wife—accompanying him out of the land of Dixie. He was a negro of large frame and firm step, and his sharp eyes, beaming from under his sooty forehead, were filled with the animation of the first experience of the results of a newly formed purpose. He had an earnestness and sadness, too, in his broad African features, which would cause one to sympathize with him from the first glance at his honest and intelligent face. I saw at once the struggle which was going on within him between the prospect of being a freeman and some secret misgiving, caused, perhaps, from the reflection that he had left others behind him whom he would fain have with him, or possibly resulting from the uncertainty of the prospects which lay before him in the future. Addressing him respectfully, I inquired what inducements had led him to leave his master, who had, I presumed, treated him kindly, to go away he knew not where, to experience he knew not what. "Well, sir," said he, "you know, sir, it is natural, sir, for man, sir, to want to be free, sir," and then proceeded, in an excessively polite discourse, constantly introducing a respectful "sir," to state the considerations which had been at work within him to produce his determination to be free. At the close of his remarks he looked at me with an expression of doubt and anxiety, and asked: "Do you think, sir, I am right, sir?" I think no one, opposed in principle to encouraging the escape of negroes from their masters, would have had the heart to have spoken to him a word discountenancing his action. I answered him that I thought he deserved to be free, and received the most hearty and spontaneous reply: "Thank you for that, sir, thank you for that," and he seemed to move on reassured and reanimated.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

REMOVAL.

THE office of THE STANDARD is now at No. 48 Beekman st., North side, just below William st., in the second story front room.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION for 1862 will be held in the city of Boston, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 28th and 29th, in the MELODEON, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., of Wednesday.

The New England Convention, annually held for the past thirty years (with but a single exception), has been one of the most effective instrumentalities for arousing the people of this land to a just sense of the great Abomination of Slavery. Its yearly sessions have always been largely attended—not only all the New England States being represented therein, but usually several of the Western and Middle States also. Never before was it called to meet under such cheering circumstances. The work of the Convention is far from being done, nor can any opponent of slavery safely slacken hand or zeal at this critical hour. But God is now vouchsafing such signs to this nation, such tokens of his power and presence, as should serve mightily to encourage every friend of Freedom, and bring us all to the great crowning labors of the Anti-Slavery cause with redoubled energy and in redoubled numbers.

Let the anti-slavery men and women of New England, then, gather once more in their Annual Convention. Once more let them indicate to the long-slumbering but now awakening land, to a guilty but haply a repenting people, the only Way of Peace, of Safety, and of National Honor. Once more let the words of Justice, and Freedom, for all, be echoed from the hills and valleys of New England, until they join the swelling voices of the Centre and the Great West; and the trembling, hoping slave shall hear the glad tidings, proclaiming his deliverance, his redemption, and his acknowledged manhood.

All the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, in every part of the country, are invited to attend.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, EDMUND QUINCY, Pres.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec'y.

GEN. HUNTER'S EMANCIPATION ORDER.

WE have the satisfaction of recording this week the most remarkable of all the extraordinary events of which the last twelvemonth has been so fertile. We mean, of course, the Order of Gen. Hunter, declaring slavery abolished within his district of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, as a necessary incident of martial law. We have talked of the constitutional possibility of the abolition of slavery under the war powers of the Constitution from time to time, ever since John Quincy Adams opened that gospel to a wondering world, but we never did expect to live to see the thing actually done. It was one of those dreamy possibilities which seemed so remote from probable actualities that it hardly entered into the imaginations of the most sanguine of us all to conceive that we should see it come to pass. And here it is on record as an accomplished fact! It is no wonder that the report was received at first with many grains of allowance, and relegated by many doubters to the limbo whither fly news made to sell, stock-jobbing inventions and other varieties of the same web that dreams are made of. But its authenticity has been long beyond a peradventure, and we may expatiate at will in the world of speculation which it opens before us. Fremont did virtuously, but Hunter has excelled Fremont. Only, however, because of the riper fullness of time and the happier latitude of his autocracy. Fremont was as true to his hour and his place as Hunter, and, had he been let alone, his proclamation would have borne blessed fruits ere now. Of the scores of Generals who have cast in their lot with this war, these two have secured their place on the scroll of History, and that for the victories of peace to which tended their deeds of war. But few battles obtain a permanent place in human memory. Those only which have secured great changes in human condition. Whatever may be the issue of the battles, past or to come, of other Generals, the plan of campaign of these two is sure to be finally carried out, and their names will be forever one with the victory that will crown it.

We are well aware that the Order of Gen. Hunter does not, *proprio vigore*, abolish slavery within the limits of his command. We know that his military authority, if it be not taken from him, must be established over all the territory within those boundaries, before it can take the blessed shape which he has declared that it must assume. We know, too, that every pro-slavery influence in the land is set at work to coax or bully the President into interfering with that policy and modifying it, as he did Fremont's, or recalling him from his command. We do not know how far Mr. Lincoln will be moved by the yell which Slavery is now uttering through its thousand throats at the North to yield to its importunity, and spare it from being tormented yet a little while. But we do know that such an utterance, such an action—for such words are deeds—as that of Gen. Hunter can never be unuttered or undone. Whether sustained by his superiors or not, he has done a thing which cannot be undone, excepting by the forcible reduction to slavery of a million of human beings, declared by the authority competent in the premises to be free. According to the doctrine of Mr. Adams, the abolition of slavery may be rightfully declared, under the necessary war powers of the Constitution, not merely by Congress, not merely by the President, but by the General in the field who shall find such a measure essential to his military success. This doctrine we affirm will stand the scrutiny of all impartial expounders of public law. This act has been done, and done by the competent authority. The slaves in those States are free, and no constitutional compromise or legal provision regarding slaves has any longer power over them. If still held in slavery, it is under no guarantee of the Constitution, but directly in violation of its letter as well as its spirit. Insurrection on the part of the slaves ceases to be a crime. It rises into the rank of a lofty virtue, in the light of the professions and the example of the American people. In strict law no intervention of the President, no censure or punishment of the General who took this immortal responsibility, can alter the legal consequences of his act. Should Gen. Hunter capture Jefferson Davis in fight, and try and hang him as a rebel taken with arms in his hands, he might be reprimanded, he might be dismissed the service, for what he had done, but it would not unhang the man and bring him to life again. So if he have slain slavery according to law, though contrary to the wishes of his superiors, it is dead, and can only be revived again by the same infernal magic by which it was first made to live at all.

Before these words shall be read, the decision of the President will doubtless be known. At the time of writing them, prophecies vary according as men's hearts are fathers to them. The rampant slavocrats, who love to go on their bellies and eat dust all the days of their life, are earnest with him to recall the daring General, and to make South Carolina the scene of a new Nullification, by the reversal of his proclaimed policy. The weaker sort of Republicans are not disinclined to chime in with this cry, from the inherent taint of compromise and the wish of putting off of evil days that has been bred in their bones. The Abolitionists, and those Republicans who have any principles other than the seven loaves and two small fishes, trust that he may have grace to abstain from interference, and to let this sharp medicine have its perfect way. The case of Gen. Hunter is entirely distinct from that of Gen. Fremont. The latter did not abolish slavery within his jurisdiction, by virtue of his omnipotence as General commanding there, he merely declared that the slaves of all rebels should be freed, leaving those of loyal men as they were. It was of the nature of a just and proper regulation, and not of a change in fundamental law. The state of affairs in his district did not seem to call for more at that time. It was such a regulation as the President might properly modify, if he thought best. We doubt much whether the sober, second thought of the President, in the light of all that has happened since, has confirmed him as to the wisdom of his first decision. But, be that as it may, this case is widely different from that. There is no pretence of any appreciable Union feeling in the military district of Gen. Hunter. It is the hive whence rebellion swarmed at first, and where it exists in its most poisonous malignity. What call has the President to strengthen its hands by weakening those of that good and faithful servant of the Union? Clearly none. He is not obliged to approve of Gen. Hunter's policy, if he think it premature. But he may, without censure from any but his own worst enemies, let it take its course, as one adopted by a military officer, on his own responsibility, as essential to the success of his arms within his own district.

Should the decision of this question be left by the Cabinet for a week or two, we have no doubt as to what it would be. The delay which has interposed between Gen. McClellan's first advance on the track of the retreating rebels and his triumphant entry into Richmond, shows that their strength has been underrated. The eminent military skill of their Generals is too patent to be denied. We cannot doubt that he will enter in and possess Richmond in due time. But we apprehend that he will find it but a barren conquest. The delays which have been so ably manœuvred from Manassas onward, or backward, will have secured the retreat of the rebel Cabinet and the removal of all their archives, as well as of their whole army and all their material of war, far into the heart of the cotton country. The arrangement which the Northern secessionists have hoped would follow from the occupation of the Rebel Capital, by which peace would be bought by the virtual surrender of the victors to the vanquished, will be indefinitely adjourned. The war, far from being finished, will have been removed into the interior, away from the seacoast and our bases of operations. They who think that the heart of the rebellion is changed or broken, because of the stories of deserters, desirous of making themselves welcome and seeing things, at best, through their own discontented eyes, will find themselves strangely mistaken. If it is to be put down at all, it must be by making use of all the aids which offer themselves to our neceessity. The most effectual, the only effectual, of these, Gen. Hunter has seized upon. We trust nothing will be done now to injure its efficiency at the hour, close at hand, when it must be employed, or the success of the rebellion acknowledged.

THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION.

As the reader will see, the foregoing paragraphs were written while it was yet doubtful what the President would do in the premises. The following Proclamation, which appeared in the daily journals on Tuesday, dispels all doubt. The President declares the Order of Gen. Hunter to be "altogether void." Deeply as we are pained by this declaration, we are yet glad to observe that the language of the President encourages the hope that he will himself, ere long, exercise the power he denies to his subordinates, and proclaim liberty, not alone in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, but "throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." The onward sweep of events must, it seems to us, sooner or later compel such action; and the language of the President seems to imply that he himself thinks so.

By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, There appears in the public prints what purports to be a proclamation of Major-Gen. Hunter, in the words and figures following, to wit:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
"HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 9, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—The three States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, comprising the Military Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it became a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free.

[Official.] DAVID HUNTER,
"Major-General Commanding.
"ED. W. SMITH, Acting Assistant-Adjt.-General."

And, whereas, the same is producing some excitement and misunderstanding,

Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, proclaim and declare that the government of the United States had no knowledge or belief of an intention on the part of Gen. Hunter to issue such a proclamation, nor has it yet any authentic information that the document is genuine; and, further, that neither Gen. Hunter, nor any other commander, or person, has been authorized by the government of the United States to make proclamation declaring the slaves of any State free, and that the supposed proclamation now in question, whether genuine or false, is altogether void, so far as respects such declaration.

I further make known that whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, or in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

On the 6th day of March last, by a special message, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution, to be substantially as follows:

"Resolved, That the United States ought to cooperate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving aid to such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

The resolution in the language above quoted was adopted by large majorities in both branches of Congress, and now stands an authentic, definite and solemn proposal of the nation to the States and people most immediately interested in the subject matter. To the people of these States I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue, I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics.

This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time, as in the Providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 19th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

OUR readers will bear witness that we have not shunned to hold up before them a vivid picture of the discouragements of our cause in these latter days. Some of them have thought it indicative of a morbid state of mind, that we drew such dark shades in the picture of our current politics and religion. Our landscape, however, is not without its brilliant and cheering hues. The presentation of these shall not be neglected, and we will speak briefly of one of them to-day.

We intimated, a short time since, dissent from the opinion of our excellent friend, James Miller McKim, that "the old anti slavery routine is not what the cause now demands. Iconoclasm has had its day. . . . We have passed through the *pulling-down* stage of our movement." Now it seems rather odd to take the word of a liar in preference to that of an honest man; but when *The Journal of Commerce* (copied in the "pro-slavery" column a fortnight since) praises our system of lectures, town and county meetings, petitions, periodical literature, and tract distribution, as eminently "successful," when it calls upon its hunker friends to follow the persevering example of radicalism, and proposes the holding of great conservative meetings, and a wide circulation of conservative petitions, documents and newspapers, as indispensable to counteract our success in the use of these instrumentalities, this seems to us good evidence; this seems to us the very strongest of reasons for believing that we have been and still are prospering in the use of our accustomed methods. Beauregard himself may be believed when he says that his cause is losing ground, and that the Federal cause is gaining.

This same apparatus of means for the diffusion of truth, then, must still continue in operation. Whether or not it needs still to act by pulling down error as well as by building up truth (and it must be remembered that these two needful works have always gone on side by side in our practice), we may readily assure ourselves by looking at the amount of error and deceit that is still circulated by the pro-slavery press, political, mercantile and (mis-called) religious, and received as truth by a large majority of their readers. If we notice the persevering calumnies that are repeated, day after day and week after week, by the large class of papers in question, and believed by their readers, against the Abolitionists and against the colored people, we must see that a corresponding réiteration of denial and refutation is needed. Rarey prostrates the contumacious as well as encourages the docile; and he does both these needful things in each lecture.

Look at a few specimens of the deceits, sometimes plumply asserted, sometimes craftily suggested or insinuated, by the class of papers in question.

As more and more slaves become free (by the flight of their masters before the advance of our armies, and otherwise), the papers of the class in question urge with more constant vehemence the old calumnies, of every kind, in relation to the colored people. They see that there is no time to lose, since the docility, industry, and pacific disposition of the great majority of these freedmen are rapidly becoming known to those in contact with them, and getting reported in the home correspondence, alike of professional reporters, teachers and soldiers. As the Apocalyptic dragon, serpent, devil, called in that very place a deceiver and an accuser, is represented as "having great wrath, *because he knoweth* that he hath but a short time," so this pestilent brood, his children, foam out their accusations against the negroes and their cause more eagerly, as the evidence accumulates that is destined to silence them forever.

The Observer of May 1st commences an article on "Negroes in the North" with a representation that the colored people in the District of Columbia have petitioned Congress to grant them some territory within the limits of the United States, for the purpose of their separate colonization there. Any one familiar with the feelings of the mass of colored residents in the District knows, of course, that *The Observer's* assertion is a falsehood; that neither *the* colored people there, nor any number of individuals authorized to represent them, or actually representing them, feel any such wish, or have made any such request. It is possible, indeed, that a small number of these colored persons might be prevailed upon, by the wire-pullers of the colonization humbug, to put their names to such a petition; but we hear from those most likely to be well informed in the matter that even this is not true.

Having manufactured this corner-stone, the pretence of a wish of the colored people to migrate, *The Observer* proceeds to ask—"What is to hinder them from being introduced into New England?" And the answer is—precisely the same reason that hinders the editor of *The Observer* from "being introduced into" California as a permanent residence. He does not want to go there! And the many people who, with or without reason, dislike his company here, have no right to compel him to go!

The clique to which this editor belongs always speak of the colored people as movable furniture; as a class who are not to do what their own wishes and interests prompt, but are to be *done with*, controlled, ordered about, moved hither and thither like chess-men, according to the wishes and interests of others. It is no calumny to say that they are slaveholders at heart, for John Mitchel himself never espoused with more heartiness the cause of the slaveholders.

There is nothing to prevent any number of the colored people of the South who wish to live in New England from *introducing themselves* there. And any number of them who may prefer such emigration and residence will be welcomed and helped by the advocates of their cause here. But, since this dusky race have eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, like other human beings, they like, as little as the rest of us, to have their human attributes of choice, will and locomotion disregarded and violated. They wish to abide or to remove according to their own choice, just as the New Yorker or the Vermonter does; and they feel exactly as a New Yorker or a Vermonter would do when an utter stranger or a known enemy comes into their house and says—"I think you, and your family, and all your relatives and connections, had better remove from here, and spend the rest of your lives in some place a thousand miles off." The dark complexioned man, we say, feels the absurdity, the injustice, and the impertinence of an address like this, as much as the lightest-hued of us all could possibly do. But the palefaces have the majority in numbers, and hold the leadership in politics and religion, and choose to oppress the dark people in a manner as thoroughgoing as the Venetians did the Jews, at once tyrannizing over them and libelling them.*

The same paper from which we have last been quoting has recently repeated its old deceit about "the utter failure of West India emancipation"; and *The Journal of Commerce* loses no opportunity to clench and rivet this lie in the minds of its readers. Why do these papers thus repeat these things, with the statement of which their readers have long been familiar, and the perfect refutation of which is ready for everyone who will look at it? They repeat them because their cause cannot dispense with the repetition; because the opposing truth scattered by the Abolitionists, is making obvious and triumphant progress: because, numerous as are the readers whom these hunker presses have duped and blinded, fortified in error, and withheld from progress, another class, the active movers in reform, are beginning to reap the long deferred harvest of success. The moment when triumph begins to crown the work of thirty years is no time to drop the methods which have laid the foundation for that triumph.

The successes of the last year have indeed been great, and most encouraging. What satisfaction to know that, of the very people who were ready to stone us a year ago, many are already converted, and more are in the process of conversion! How wonderful, that the men who then sang the John Brown song in derision have since been singing it with heartiest emphasis, as they marched to the overthrow of those very slaveholders of whose tyranny they were formerly the willing instruments! How cheering to know, that the very fury of our Northern opponents shows their appreciation of the fact that our sun is rising, while theirs is setting; that the evil cause to which they have linked their fortunes, expecting it would last their time, is irretrievably failing; and that our methods, faithfully adhered to in the darker hours of the cause, have laid the foundation for a right use, now beginning to be made, of the providential opportunities of the present year! Surely, this is no time to abandon those methods. Let Statesmen and Generals make what moves they may, but let us not fail to bear aloft the standard of reform, to keep the *moral* aspect of anti-slavery before the people, to show what righteousness demands of this American nation in the coming crisis of its reconstruction.

* We are told that Shakspeare, in the Merchant of Venice, reversed the characters in the old story which served as a foundation for his plot, to suit the prejudices of his English audience; and that the baseness and cruelty ascribed to the Shylock of his play were historically true of the Antonio. Shylock's defence of himself and his tribe against the contempt and injustice of the people who passed for Christians at that time was a just and fair defence. And the colored people may appropriately use the same against the sanctimonious oppressors who call themselves Christians at the present day.

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, 19th of April, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN *The Liberator* of March 28th I find two letters addressed to the editor from this side of the water. In one of them, Mr. Andrew Paton, whose name has been as long identified with the efforts of the Abolitionists as that of any man in Scotland, declares that, whilst as a nation "we deem it our duty to remain entirely neutral, our feelings are entirely with the North so far as it seeks the abolition of slavery; but we are deeply grieved to see that your government by repeated manifestations holds out almost no prospect, but rather the reverse, of giving freedom to any of the slaves, even of rebel masters. We have not and never will have the least sympathy with the South." He regrets "to have read lately in THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD several leading articles penned in a very unfriendly spirit to Britain," and says that "the writer is entirely ignorant of the spirit of our people, and attributes to them ideas and intentions that never entered their minds, or even that of our government." He continues: "I am sorry to see that some other anti-slavery writers and speakers, even Wendell Phillips, commit the same errors, and seem really to believe that some sudden and unaccountable change in British opinion hostile to America has taken place. *This is an entire mistake.* We stand in this respect where we have always stood, friendly with you, if you will be so, and which we believe the great part of you wish to be."

I am glad to have my own opinions on this matter confirmed by such testimony. Andrew Paton is a Glasgow merchant—a grave, long-headed Scotchman, a very type of determined resolution and courageous energy, one who, when he takes up a principle, will stand by it to the last, and labor to carry it out in the teeth of difficulties which would daunt ordinary men. I deny that the editors of some of our leading reviews, magazines and newspapers, should be regarded as fair exponents of the feelings and sympathies of the mass of the British people. Very many of them are mere literateurs, remarkably ignorant of American affairs, and greatly influenced in their views by the opinions they have received from the Americans with whom they meet—and these, whether from the North or the South, have been almost to a man defenders or apologists of the slave system. Great allowance is to be made for these ignorant, misguided editors. They are not exempt—few of us are—from the weakness of a friend of my childhood, who twice visited the village of Kilcullen, in the County of Kildare, and each time saw a girl with red hair standing at a cabin door, and then jumped to the conclusion that all the girls in Kilcullen had red hair. So far from wondering that most people in these countries who have talked with Americans should conclude that slavery was indispensable to the United States, and the very best thing for the slave, it is cause of great astonishment that the anti-slavery spirit of England has survived the contamination of so much evil communication. For, as the Abolitionists are rare in America, so their American representatives in England, within the last twenty years, could almost be reckoned upon my fingers.

The second letter to which I referred is one of inquiry, from Mr. W. S. Spencer, of Derby, England, who is, I believe, a near relation of Herbert Spencer, the author of "Social Statics," and one of the most profound and thoughtful writers of our time. He wishes to know the grounds Wendell Phillips had for saying, "There stands England, the most selfish and treacherous of modern governments." He affirms Mr. Garrison's assertion in a recent speech, that the English wish well to the cause of the North, *provided they mean to liberate the slaves;* adding, "You are quite right; and I, for one, and all the readers of your paper, wish they may not succeed without." And I, also. R. D. W., say "ditto to Mr. Burke," as the Bristol merchant, Burke's fellow candidate, said when Burke made a speech to the electors, and he wisely concluded he could add nothing better to the purpose. As matters now stand on your side, it seems to me that success without emancipation would be ultimately the most disastrous thing that could happen to your country. Not merely *The Times* and *The Saturday Review*, but numberless Northern Democratic newspapers talk (as the latter have always talked) as if nothing was wanting but to repress the rebellion, and then stick to the compromises of the Constitution, in order to put the Union on its legs as hale and hearty as ever. If, ever since the world began, there was an unlucky parchment, it is that same Constitution, for no African fetish has been more blindly or half so mischievously worshipped. This is now plain to any one who will open his eyes. That the Constitution did valuable service in uniting the States, enabling them to form a Federal government, powerful in its aspect towards foreign nations, is unquestionable. But its recognition of slavery, and the protection, expansion and influence it has given to that system, while itself under slaveholding guardians, have necessarily given rise to the irrepressible conflict which can only end in the extinction of slavery, the death of Northern liberty, or the dissolution of the Union it was meant to establish and ensure. As long as the present Constitution lasts, the struggle must go on, and the nation must heave in the exhausting and bloody throes of the irrepressible conflict. Some time lately I saw a quotation from the New York *Tribune* by the able correspondent in New York of the London *Spectator*, in which *The Tribune* in effect declared that while English insolence was hard to bear, the advice and compassion of England were worse, and that some day or other the account should be paid off. It is foolish and wicked to talk in this malignant way of twenty million of souls because a handful of editors have written foolishly, rashly or compassionately, and so pressed unpleasantly on the toes of your national self-esteem. Still, although threatened by *The Tribune*, I maintain that it is hard to keep from pitying the delusion which seems to prevail so extensively in the minds of your Executive and your politicians. How has the idea of the sacredness of property in human beings attained such a hold on the Northern mind, that, whilst you are sacrificing your own lives and property with unsurpassed devotion, in order to restore the Union, whilst you waste the fields of the South, and destroy all other kinds of Southern property, your government, and a large portion of the Northern people, as represented by the Democratic and many of the Republican newspapers, are so tender towards that very root and cause of the rebellion, the claim to hold property in slaves? Just such compassion is felt here by all who can really understand the influence of the slave element in American politics for the strange delusion that fosters the cancer which consumes you, as we feel towards Irish Ultramontanism, or the victims of Juggernaut, or the subjects of the King of Dahomey. Twenty-two years ago I happened to meet Lucretia Mott in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum. While surveying the stupendous relics of ancient idolatry, she remarked that we need not be so much surprised that the people of remote ages worshipped these grotesque images, if we would but consider that veneration equally sincere and unreasonable was still continually bestowed by the most civilized nations on things equally unworthy of respect. No doubt this remark is applicable to us as well as to you. Somebody has said that nobody knows a man so well as himself—but that every one is an imperfect judge of how he appears to other people. The anxiety of your government to maintain the Constitution, the Union and slavery, which has been hitherto so steadily manifested, looks, to us, like the most unaccountably stupid idolatry and delusion. Suppose the Union is patched up and slavery retained, what can you expect but a renewal of the struggle with far less chance than ever of a peaceable conclusion? Abolition might have been trodden out by treading out liberty, just as Protestantism was repressed in Spain, Italy and Bohemia. But now, Slavery and Liberty are in such a position of antagonism, that the extinction of slavery is but a question of time, and the only merciful, wise and statesmanlike course is to terminate its agony as soon as possible. Why should the supposed interests of a handful of slaveholders outweigh the purification, the material prosperity and true honor of one of the greatest of Christian nations—a nation in which, but for its complicity with chattel slavery, the hopes and best wishes of humanity would be mainly centred? In that large number of American Democrats who seem to consider that the claims of the slaveholders, rebels and all, to their human chattels, are as sacred as ever, and that unless they be upheld the Union must go to pieces, there are probably some who honestly labor under this amazing mistake. Could you ascertain from some of them (if there be any such—which it is difficult even to imagine) what their ideas are of the policy to be pursued in the event of their advice being taken? What is to be done with the escaped slaves? How are they to manage the Abolitionists? Who is to carry out the Fugitive Slave laws? Who will wipe out from the Northern mind the recollection of the frightful expenditure of the war in blood and treasure, and the inevitable burden it is sure to entail? How is a homogenous nation to be welded together if the slaveholders are to be restored to their former rights, property, position, influence and dignity?

The President's Message is remarkable as the first sign the Chief of the nation has given of a desire to do anything to diminish the evils of slavery. But a less significant sign he could not have made. I can hardly imagine a greater misfortune to the United States than that his offer should be accepted; for it would give guarantees to slavery such as it has never heretofore had from the Federal government. I wish the President had not imbibed such tenderness for the slaveholders from his Kentucky parentage. Nobody doubts that he is honest. But pigheaded honesty in rulers is often the cause of fearful losses and sufferings to the governed. No one now doubts that George the Third honestly believed it his duty as an anointed King to hand down to his successor the dominions he received at his own accession. I have seen a letter of the gentle and pious poet Cowper, in which, on this ground, he defends King George for his persistency in continuing the American war long after his own ministers regarded the struggle as hopeless. It would be a curious question whether the United States lost more money and more lives by the fidelity of George the Third to his own interpretation of his Coronation oath, than they have recently suffered by the scruples of President Lincoln respecting his obligations to respect the slave property of rebellious slaveholders. We laugh at the folly of Van Amburgh and Blondin—but they were both wise men, who ventured no body or bones but their own in their foolish way of earning an honest living, compared with those who advocate the scheme of wooing back the slaveholders by mild concessions or soft words. This indisposition, under present circumstances, to deprive the rebel slaveholders of the assistance of their bondmen, indicates the amazing strength of Northern prejudice. Truly, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, the negroes could be an immense assistance to the Northern armies.

Dr. Russell, *The Times's* correspondent, informs us, in a late letter, that he had just heard Wendell Phillips at Washington, and that he is no orator. If he had been a Southern fire-eater, his opinion would have probably been more favorable; and, if we are to judge of the general value of Russell's testimony from what we know of Phillips, I cannot congratulate the proprietors of *The Times* on the value they get for their money, nor the British people on the reliability of his statements. Dr. Russell also states, I hope incorrectly, that Mr. Phillips spoke in a swaggering *ad captandum* style about England. If this is true, it is greatly to be regretted that so good and so brave a man should lower his illustrious reputation by fanning the flame of national discord. If I were to admit, to the fullest extent, the *malus animus* of all that our government has abstained from doing, and all that has been said or insinuated in England by the enemies of democratic institutions, I would still say that a large-hearted man who is foremost as a gentleman, a scholar, an orator and a philanthropist, should not confound the innocent with the guilty, and involve a whole nation in the condemnation due to their rulers or their literary guides. It really grieves me to find fault with the course of one whom I so highly respect, but the greater any man's moral and intellectual eminence, the more important is it when he errs that his better feelings should be appealed to by those who regard him with affection and esteem.

You will be glad to hear, if I have not mentioned it before, that a Professor in one of the Irish colleges, a gentleman of great ability, and well known and respected by John Stuart Mill, is preparing a work on the American Slave Power, which I have an opportunity of seeing in its progress through the press. It is, substantially, a reply to Spencer's dishonest and Jesuitical book on the American Union, which has already reached a fourth edition. Whether Spencer's editions are real reprints of the book, or merely fresh editions of the title-page, I cannot say, but I am sure it is one of the ablest tributes in aid of a bad cause that I have ever seen. On the other hand, I know of no book in which the whole history of the progress of the American Slave Power, its aggressive, ruthless, demoralizing and barbarous character, are so neatly, compactly and clearly set forth as in Professor Cairnes's conscientious and exhaustive essay. I shall be greatly surprised if it be not received with acclamation both in England and the United States.

I have to thank an American friend for the April number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a periodical which I rarely see, and which, if I am to judge from this sample, is not inferior to any similar magazine in our language. Many of the articles evince great freshness and ability. The writer of the notice of "the German Burns" must be a very clever fellow—his translations, seeing they are translations, are wonderfully flowing and racy, and Mr. Emerson's essay on American Civilization and somebody else's reply to the question, "What shall we do with them?" are of especial interest at the present time, to all who wish well to the American people.

Far more remarkable and more encouraging, as a good sign of the times, than the President's Message, I regard the reception of Wendell Phillips in Washington. That this has been so little noticed in the English papers I regard as another and a most striking proof of the ignorance of English editors of the bearings of our cause upon the course of events. But the fact that he was mobbed in Cincinnati went the whole rounds of the press—for it is a common English delusion, and, judging from the Abolition papers, a not unnatural one, that mobs are almost chronic in the United States. However, let us have patience. Truth is slowly unveiled, and I do not despair that, before long, many of our mutual mistakes will be rectified and we shall all come to a better and a pleasanter understanding.

RICHARD D. WEBB.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert, for the relief of the wounded volunteers, will be given by the pupils of the Cooper Union Music Class, at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening next, at 7½ o'clock. George F. Bristow, conductor. The concert given by the same Class some time since drew a large audience and gave general satisfaction. The one to be given next week, being intended for a charitable purpose having the strongest claims upon the public, ought to command a crowded house.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May, 1862.

THE subject of confiscation—of property and slaves—is again before Congress. At one time it looked very much as if the Senate and House were decided to postpone the question till another session, but the raising of Select Committees in both Houses saved the country from the results of such a blunder. The Senate Committee has one bill, the House Committee another. I see that several of the Republican journals notice them as if there was no particular difference between them, unless it were in detail. Even *The Tribune* overlooks the fact that the two measures of confiscation are entirely different in principle. The Senate bill provides for a trial by jury. Before a man's property is taken, before his slaves are set free, or at least before the final disposition of the matter, he must be *proved* guilty of treason, and of being engaged in the rebellion, by a regular trial. Now, it is claimed by many that throughout the South it will be impossible to procure a conviction in this way, and consequently that the bill is ineffective. On the other hand, the Eliot bill, reported by the House Select Committee, does not provide for a jury-trial, but disposes of every case by "proceedings *in rem*." In other words, the judges of the District Courts, nominated of course by Mr. Lincoln, shall have power to decide upon all cases brought before them like a Prize Court, and their decree is final in the matter. For example: under the one bill Mr. Lincoln could send Andy Johnson into Tennessee to decide upon all charges of treason. His decision would confiscate property and emancipate slaves.

But under the Senate bill a Tennessee jury would have to sit upon each case, and finally decide it. You will see the great difference in the principle of the two bills. But a great deal is to be said in favor of the Senate bill. First, it avoids all doubtful constitutional points. I forgot to mention that the House bill seizes *the entire estate* of the offender. The Senate bill seizes only the *life* estate. Now, upon two constitutional points the eminent lawyers of both Houses are disagreed. They are as follows: Whether Congress has the power to confiscate an estate beyond the life-tenure, and whether a citizen, even if guilty of treason, is not entitled to a trial by his peers before he is stripped of his property. Many of the best lawyers in Congress assert positively that the accused must have a jury trial, and that only his personal property and his *life* estate can be confiscated. The Senate bill—drawn up by Senator Clark of New Hampshire—is just as stringent as is possible without violating these constitutional principles. A new offence is created, easier to prove than legal treason—that of "aiding in a rebellion." It seizes and holds property till a trial is had, and in case the accused does not appear to take his trial, the Court must pronounce a verdict of guilty against him because of his non-appearance. Of course there is no violation of justice or of the Constitution if a man refuses to take a trial at the hands of his peers. The bill acknowledges the military power of the President to declare universal emancipation, whenever, in his opinion, the necessities of the country demand it. There is another admirable provision in the bill. Section 10 requires all claimants of fugitive slaves to first make an oath that they have always been loyal men, and forbids all persons in the naval and military service to assume, under any pretence, to decide upon the validity of a slave-seeker's claim, or to surrender the person claimed on penalty of being dismissed from the service. Under this provision catching slaves in camp through pro-slavery officers is impossible.

Maynard of Tennessee has a bill stringent enough so far as confiscation is concerned, but it does not touch the slavery question, as Maynard is himself a slaveholder. He advocates the imposition of a fine sufficient to cover the property of a traitor, and hanging beside. He is stringent enough if a jury in a slave State could ever be brought to render a verdict of guilty. There is the rub in all the bills which provide for a jury trial. It will be extremely difficult in the South to find a jury of twelve men who will bring in a verdict of guilty against a prominent Southern man when the penalty is confiscation of his estate, and perhaps his execution. If the House bill be constitutional, it should pass. Upon the question of constitutionality your correspondent does not feel competent to express an opinion. Eminent lawyers in Congress differ about it. As I have said in a previous letter, Senator Harris of New York believes that Congress has the power under the Constitution to confiscate the real estate of a rebel, and without a jury-trial—other Senators, lawyers of ability—Doolittle, Collamer, Fessenden, Browning and others—hold the contrary opinion. Under these circumstances, it were wise to avoid a division in our ranks, *if possible*, by taking a bill without the constitutional objections.

In the House, a week ago, to-day, the Lovejoy-Arnold bill came near an ignominious defeat. The reason was clear enough. Many Republicans were not satisfied with the prohibition of slavery in the dock-yards—were in doubts about the power of Congress over the coast-wise, internal slave trade—or at least would not vote for the bill in that shape. Yet every Republican in the House was ready to vote for a prohibition of slavery in all the territories now in existence or hereafter to be formed. Now, the question was, should Mr. Lovejoy stick to his original bill, divide the Republicans, and be beaten? Or

Proceedings of Congress.

PRO-SLAVERY PETITIONS.

In the Senate, on the 14th, Mr. Wright of Indiana presented a petition from the citizens of Indiana, asking Congress to leave off the agitation of the negro question and attend to the business of putting down the rebellion. He said he believed these were the sentiments of a large majority of the people of his State.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE ARRAIGNED.

In the course of a debate in the Senate, on the 14th, upon a resolution calling upon the Secretary of State for information as to the number and names of persons arrested in Kentucky, Mr. Powell of that State read a letter concerning an interview by the citizens of Kentucky with the Secretary of State, when he refused to give them any information, and said he did not care a d—n for the opinion of Kentucky, but meant to hold her in the Union, etc. Barring the profanity, we like the Secretary's spirit.

CONFISCATION IN THE SENATE.

For an exposition of this subject, as now pending before the two Houses, see the letter of our Washington correspondent. In the Senate on the 16th, Mr. Davis of Kentucky moved to amend the bill by striking out all the clauses freeing the slaves, but the proposition was rejected 31 to 7. On Monday Mr. Sumner, who had previously introduced a substitute for the bill before the Senate, spoke at length, and with his usual ability, in its support. We shall publish his speech in whole or in part next week. Mr. Powell of Kentucky moved to strike out the eleventh section, which authorizes the President to employ and organize persons of African descent as he may deem necessary to suppress the rebellion. Rejected as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Carlile, Davis, Henderson, Latham, Pearce, Powell, Saulsbury, Starke, Willey, Wilson (Mo.), Wright—11.

Nays—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Clark, Collamer, Cowan, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Harlan, Harris, Howard, Howe, Lane (Kan.), Pomeroy, Sherman, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, Wilson (Mass.)—25.

Mr. Henderson (Un., Mo.) moved to strike out the first section, and insert as a substitute that any person hereafter convicted of treason shall suffer death or imprisonment, and all property forfeited during life. He argued that we should not do any violence to the feelings of the Border States if not absolutely necessary. He said there was a strong prejudice against some of the legislation of Congress. He should make no threats or menaces. He should never sympathize with the rebellion, no matter what legislation was passed. But there was a strong prejudice against setting the slaves free among them; therefore he left this provision out of the amendment. Loud complaints came against him from his own State for the votes he had given here, but he came here to do what he could to suppress the rebellion and reunite the country, and would do what he could for this object. He was very sorry the Senate refused to strike out the provision for arming the slaves.

Mr. Clark (Rep., N. H.) said there was not the least unkindness in the Senate toward the Senator or the Border States. But suppose white men were struck down by fever, it was simply proposed to put negroes in certain positions to hold them. We could not allow the prejudices of anybody to prevail to cause the death of brothers and sons.

The amendment was rejected—Yeas, 12; Nays, 25—the vote being the same as the last, except that Mr. Cowan voted Yea.

Mr. Davis offered an amendment at the end of the bill, that no slave shall be emancipated under this act until such slave shall be taken possession of by some agent of the United States, and being *in transitu* to be colonized. Rejected.

Mr. Saulsbury (Dem., Del.) moved to strike out the ninth section, which provides that the President may, when he deems it necessary, issue a proclamation, and the slaves of such persons as persist in rebellion thirty days after the proclamation shall be freed.

Mr. Wilson (Rep., Mass.) moved to amend the ninth section so as to make it imperative on the President to issue such a proclamation.

On Wednesday, the Senate voted to postpone its Confiscation bill, to take up the Tax bill—many Senators choosing to wait for the action of the House, upon the former subject, the bill before that body being more satisfactory to them than their own.

CONFISCATION IN THE HOUSE.

In the House on the 14th, Mr. Eliot of Mass., from the Select Committee on Confiscation, reported two bills, one to confiscate the property of rebels, the other to "free from servitude" their slaves; the latter in the following words:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That if any person, within any State or Territory of the United States shall, after the passage of this act, wilfully engage in armed rebellion against the government of the United States, or shall wilfully aid or abet such rebellion, or adhere to those engaged in such rebellion, giving them aid or comfort, every such person shall thereby forfeit all claim to the service or labor of any persons, commonly known as slaves; and all such slaves are hereby declared free and forever discharged from such servitude, anything in the laws of the United States or of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter any person claiming the labor or service of any such slave shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a sufficient defense thereto that the claimant was engaged in the said rebellion, or aided or abetted the same, contrary to the provisions of this act.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person claiming to be entitled to the service or labor of any other person shall seek to enforce such claim, he shall, in the first instance, and before any order shall be made for the surrender of the person whose service or labor is claimed, establish not only his claim to such service or labor, but also that such claimant has not in any way aided, assisted, or countenanced the existing rebellion against the government of the United States.

The two bills were made the order of the day for Tuesday and for the remainder of the week, the vote to be taken on them next Monday. On Tuesday Mr. Eliot made an able speech in support of the bills, and was followed, on the same side, by Messrs. Noell of Mo., Riddle of Pa. and Windom of Minnesota.

THE ARMY BILL

was taken up in the House on the 14th. Mr. Calvert of Md. offered the following amendment: "Provided, that no portion of the appropriation in this bill shall be applied to keeping, supporting, or equipping negroes or fugitive slaves for service in the army of the United States." Mr. Wickliffe of Ky. proposed to insert the following proviso: "Nor shall they employ or enlist in the service of the United States, slaves or runaway negroes." Discussion ensued between Mr. Wickliffe and Messrs. Stevens of Pa., Fessenden of Me., and Kellogg of Ill., after which the proposed amendments were voted down.

EDUCATION OF COLORED CHILDREN.

The Senate bill setting apart 10 per cent. of the taxes paid by colored people to be appropriated to the education of their children in the District of Columbia, was passed by the House on the 15th.

SYMPATHY FOR REBELS.

On the 15th, Ben. Wood, brother of Fernando, ex-Mayor of New York, obtained leave of the House to print, without delivering, a speech proposing the adoption of measures to bring about a cessation of hostilities, with a view to negotiation with the rebels!

NEGRO HATE.

On Monday, Mr. Richardson of Ill. made a speech calculated and intended to excite the popular prejudices against negroes. He said: "The legislation of Congress is almost exclusively with regard to the negro. They have abolished slavery here, and to the contrabands rations are daily distributed. Where is the evidence that rations are issued to poor white people? Supplies at the rate of $144,000 per annum are distributed among the blacks. The white people of Illinois are selling corn at 8 cents per bushel to pay taxes thus imposed upon them. They were employing negro teamsters, and issuing supplies to negroes, paying in this District for them alone more than would support the State governments of Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Vermont, Connecticut, Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, or New Jersey. Not only here, but elsewhere are negroes supported by orders of the government, or through the Quartermaster's order. Beside these and other things for the benefit of the negro, you propose to send to and receive from Hayti and Liberia duly accredited ministers. He repeated that Congress legislated almost exclusively for the negro; but what were they doing for the children whose fathers have fallen on the battle-field? Comparatively nothing." He went on in this base strain at great length.

NEGRO PROSCRIPTION.

The Senate lately passed a bill repealing the law which declares that negroes shall not carry the mails. In the House it was referred to the Post-office Committee. On Tuesday Mr. Colfax, Chairman of that Committee, reported that it ought not to pass. He is reported as saying:

"Not a single person of any color from any State had ever petitioned for this repeal. No Postmaster-General had ever recommended it—no public opinion demanded it. It would not only allow negroes to be mail contractors, and therefore officers of the government, but Indians and Chinese also. It would impair the security of the mails, for, in some States, blacks, Indians and Chinese are not allowed to testify against whites, and, if robbed while in their hands, we could not procure legal testimony as now, of the mail carriers against the robbers. It would also allow slaveholding contractors to use their slaves as mail carries for them instead of free whites, whom they are now compelled to employ, and money would thus be paid out of our post-office treasury for the labor of slaves, which is now impossible, and as this bill could not, even indirectly, aid in crushing out this rebellion, which he thought the main duty of Congress, or crippling the power which sustains this treason, a large majority of the Post-office Committee concurred with him in recommending that it do not pass."

Shame on you, Mr. Colfax! Why did you not either say nothing, or candidly confess that you were afraid of "impairing," not the "security of the mails," but the security of the Republican party, by repealing a statute which you feel and know to be inconsistent with Republican principles?

The bill was laid on the table (killed), 83 against 43.

THE REWARD OF THE BLACK LOYAL SOUTH CAROLINIANS.

The Senate has passed a bill, introduced by Mr. Grimes of Iowa, by which Robert Small and his gallant crew of loyal South Carolinians are given the prize-money they earned, but the bill was postponed in the House, in consequence of objection from the Democratic or Conserve-Slavery-at-any-cost side. The vessel and cargo are estimated to be worth about $40,000, half of which, under the bill, goes to the Charleston blacks.

SLAVE-CATCHING IN WASHINGTON.

We can scarcely find words to express the indignation we feel in view of the fact, that the Satanic Fugitive Slave law has been lately set in operation at the National Capital, by the express order of the President of the United States. Large numbers of slaves, most of them heretofore in the service of rebel masters in Maryland, have sought refuge in the District of Columbia; and Gen. Wadsworth, the Military Governor, exercised his authority to prevent their recapture, until the President, overborne by Border State clamor, ordered him to permit the Marshal to seize them under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave law. Fifty, it is said, were carried off by the scoundrel Lamon and his deputies in a single day, and the work is still going on. The cases are so numerous that three new Commissioners have been appointed expressly to attend to them. How black must be the heart of the man who would accept such an appointment!

Of the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive law as applied to the District of Columbia there can be no question in the mind of any honest Jurist. The Constitution describes a fugitive slave as "a person held to service or labor *in one State*, under the laws thereof, escaping *into another*." The District of Columbia is not a State, and therefore every slave surrendered therefrom is just as really kidnapped as if he were stolen from the African coast. We are glad to learn that measures have been taken to bring this question before Justice Wayne for adjudication, and that strong hopes are entertained that he will give a decision which shall have the effect to put an end to slave-catching in Washington.

Chronicles of the War.

Heroism of Nine Colored Men.

Correspondence of The Herald.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 14.

One of the most daring and heroic adventures since the war commenced was undertaken and successfully accomplished by a party of negroes in Charleston on Monday night last. Nine colored men, comprising the pilot, engineers and crew of the rebel gunboat Planter, took the vessel under their exclusive control, passed the batteries and forts in Charleston harbor, hoisted a white flag, ran out to the blockading squadron, and thence to Port Royal, via St. Helena Sound and Broad river, reaching the flagship Wabash shortly after ten o'clock last evening.

The following are the names of the black men who performed this gallant and perilous service: Robert Small, pilot; John Small and Alfred Gradine, engineers; Abraham Jackson, Gabriel Turno, William Morrison, Samuel Chisholm, Abraham Allston and David Jones. They brought with them the wife and three children of the pilot, and the wife, child and sister of the first engineer, John Small. The balance of the party were without families.

Robert Small, with whom I had a brief interview at Gen. Benham's headquarters this morning, is an intelligent negro, born in Charleston, and employed for many years as a pilot in and about that harbor. He entered upon his duties on board the Planter some six weeks since, and, as he told me, adopted the idea of running the vessel to sea from a joke which one of his companions perpetrated. He immediately cautioned the crew against alluding to the matter in any way on board the boat, but asked them, if they wanted to take it up in sober earnestness, to meet at his house, where they would devise and determine upon a plan to place themselves under the protection of the stars and stripes instead of the stars and bars. Various plans were proposed; but finally the whole arrangement of the escape was left to the discretion and sagacity of Robert, his companions promising to obey him and be ready at a moment's notice to accompany him. For three days he kept the provisions of the party secreted in the hold, awaiting an opportunity to slip away. At length, on Monday evening, the white officers of the vessel went on shore to spend the night, intending to start on the following morning for Fort Ripley and to be absent from the city for some days. The families of the contrabands were notified and came stealthily on board. At about three o'clock the fires were lit under the boilers, and the vessel steamed quietly away down the harbor. The tide was against her, and Fort Sumter was not reached till broad daylight. However, the boat passed directly under its walls, giving the usual signal—two long pulls and a jerk at the whistle cord—as she passed the sentinel.

Once out of range of the rebel guns, the white flag was raised, and the Planter steamed directly for the blockading steamer Augusta. Captain Parrott, of the latter vessel, as you may imagine, received them cordially, heard their report, placed Acting Master Watson, of his ship, in charge of the Planter and sent the Confederate gunboat and crew forward to Com. Dupont. The families of the crew have been sent to Beaufort, where Gen. Stevens will make suitable provision for them. The crew will be taken care of by Com. Dupont.

The Planter is just such a vessel as is needed to navigate the shallow waters between Hilton Head and the adjacent islands, and will prove almost invaluable to the government. It is proposed, I hear, by the Commodore to recommend an appropriation of $20,000 as a reward to the plucky Africans who have distinguished themselves by this gallant service—$5,000 to be given to the pilot and the remainder to be divided among his companions.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

The following interesting report from Commander Parrott has been received at the Navy Department, having been forwarded by Commander Dupont:

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP AUGUSTA, }
OFF CHARLESTON, May 13, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the rebel armed steamer Planter was brought out to us this morning from Charleston by eight contrabands, and delivered up to the squadron. Five colored women and three children are also on board. She carries one thirty-two pounder and one twenty-four pounder howitzer, and has also on board four large guns, which she was engaged in transporting. I send her to Port Royal at once, in order to take advantage of the present good weather. I send Charleston papers of the 12th, and the very intelligent contraband, who was in charge, will give you the information which he has brought off. I have the honor to request that you will send back, as soon as convenient, the officer and crew sent on board.

Commander Dupont, in forwarding this dispatch, says in relation to the rebel steamer Planter: She was the armed dispatch and transportation steamer attached to the Engineer Department at Charleston, under Brig.-Gen. Ripley, whose bark a short time since was brought to the blockading fleet by several contrabands. The bringing out of the steamer, under all the circumstances, would have done credit to anyone. At four o'clock in the morning, in the absence of the captain, who was on shore, she lett her wharf, close to the government office and headquarters, with the Palmetto and rebel flags flying, passed the successive forts, saluting as usual by blowing the steam whistle. After getting beyond the range of the last gun she hauled down the rebel flags and hoisted a white one. The Onward was the inside ship of the blockading squadron in the main channel, and was preparing to fire when her commander made out the white flag. The armament of the steamer is a thirty-two pounder or pivot, and a fine twenty-four pounder howitzer. She has beside on her deck four other guns—one seven-inch rifled—which were to be taken, on the morning of the escape, to the new fort on the middle ground. One of the four belonged to Fort Sumter, and had been struck in the rebel attack on the fort on the muzzle. Robert Small, the intelligent slave and pilot of the boat, who performed this bold feat so skillfully, informed me of this fact, presuming it would be a matter of interest to us to have possession of this gun. This man, Robert Small, is superior to any who have come into our lines, intelligent as many of them have been. His information has been most interesting, and portions of it of the most importance. The steamer is quite a valuable acquisition to the squadron by her good machinery and very light draft. The officer in charge brough her through St. Helena Sound, and by the inland passage down Beaufort River, arriving here at 10 o'clock last night. On board the steamer when she left Charleston were eight men, five women and three children. I shall continue to employ Small as a pilot on board the Planter for inland waters, with which he appears to be very familiar.

I do not know whether, in the views of the government, the vessel will be considered a prize; but if so, I respectfully submit to the department the claims of the man Small and his associates.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
F. S. DUPONT,
Flag Officer Commanding, etc.

The Advance toward Richmond.

On Monday, Gen. McClellan's army again commenced a forward movement in the direction of the rebel capital. The advance under Gen. Stoneman reached the railroad bridge across the Chickahominy on Sunday, and found that structure very little damaged—only two spans of it having been burned, which could be replaced with very little difficulty. The pickets of the enemy were found to be guarding the whole line of the river in front of Richmond.

A dispatch from the army, dated at Tunstal's Station, on the railroad between West Point and Richmond, announces that the advance under Gen. Stoneman, after securing the bridge over the Chickahominy, had pushed on to Cold Harbor, on the road running to Richmond by way of New Bridge, where he found the enemy in force. He drove in their pickets to within two miles of the main body, and encamped. This was on Monday night. The indications now are that the rebels intend to make a desperate fight for the possession of Richmond, unless our gunboats should succeed in passing the obstructions in the James River, in which case there will probably be a stampede.

On Friday or Saturday last, the gunboats Galena, Monitor, Naugatuck, Aroostook and Port Royal made an attack upon Fort Darling, seven miles below Richmond, and were repulsed with considerable loss. A portion of the fleet returned to Jamestown Island, opposite Williamsburg, where seventeen of our men were interred. The 100-pounder gun on board the Naugatuck exploded at the first fire. No official reports of the engagement have been received at the Navy Department, but messages later than the above indicate that the affair was less serious than represented. The James River is stated to be now entirely clear within eight miles of Richmond, where, on a high bluff is stationed a battery, and where the river is obstructed by sunken vessels, etc. The Monitor could not elevate her guns sufficient to play upon this battery, and thus was useless. The other vessels, however, engaged the battery at from 600 to 1,000 yards distance, for about four hours, when they withdrew, for lack of ammunition, with thirteen killed and wounded.

Anticipated Battle at Corinth.

The latest intelligence from Gen. Halleck's army, menacing the rebel fortifications at Corinth, makes it almost certain that there will be a great battle there shortly. Some anxiety is felt for the result. The Cincinnati correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"There are many signs which might be named, indicating that the battle is imminent. The news of it may reach you before this letter. There is no disguise of the anxiety felt here, for the Queen City has a great stake in the field. Our men there are many of them sick, the regiments do not average over 500 men, it is said, but they will make a tremendous fight. There is, however, but one feeling here among loyal men of all parties, and that is that Gen. Halleck's orders concerning the slaves are positively dangerous, and call for instant modification from the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. I have not met the man who does not see in the new order No. 17 actual mischief. Against all the position of the country just now, Gen. Halleck puts his mouth into the dust before slavery, and declares that in no case will any fugitive slave be tolerated within his lines. He excludes fugitives, and our young men, weakened with dysentery, must do the hard manual work which these loyal blacks are able and willing to do for them. He excludes fugitives, and this moment cannot tell whether the enemy is at Corinth or not, or how his batteries lie; half the officers being inclined to think the white 'deserters' imposters, willing to go to captivity (that being the name for an agreeable summer residence in the North), if they are discovered as such, and, having deceived us, able to be taken prisoners from our ranks by their friend, the enemy. The loyal blacks are the only ones whom we can trust utterly; and, although our citizens are not very squeamish as to what is done to the negro, they are feeling deeply that their children are liable to be sacrificed to Gen. Halleck's hatred of negroes, which is said by those who know him to be an all-absorbing principle of his nature and existence. It may be that our men will, over all these disadvantages, triumph; but if they do not, let it be put on record as the work of pro-slavery generalship. Nay, let one-half the cost be laid to that."

From the Gulf.

An arrival at Fortress Monroe from the Gulf brings advices from New Orleans to the 8th inst., and from Pensacola to the 11th. The news from New Orleans corroborates to a certain extent what has reached us through rebel channels. Gen. Butler landed on the 1st inst., and at first occupied the Custom-house as his headquarters, but subsequently removed to the St. Charles Hotel. Affairs were beginning to assume a more satisfactory appearance in the city. The Opelousas and Jackson Railroad had been taken possession of, and all the approaches to the city had been cut off. Gen. Phelps had occupied Carrolton, five miles up the river. Porter's mortar fleet had reconnoitered the approaches to the harbor of Mobile, and had taken soundings preparatory to an attack. Pensacola was evacuated on the night of the 9th inst., as before stated. Gen. Arnold, in command at Fort Pickens, had succeeded in saving a portion of the public property. The city and forts had been occupied by our forces, and Gen. Arnold was expected to establish his headquarters on shore.

Up the Mississippi.

A letter from our gunboat flotilla above Memphis says: "By the arrival of deserters from below, we learn that Commodore Farragut's gunboats are still ascending the river, spreading consternation among the inhabitants wherever they appear. Vicksburg and Natchez—the Sodom and Gomorrah of the South—are both believed to be in our possession, and several gunboats are reported to be advancing upon Memphis from below. In the latter city a vast amount of cotton, sugar and molasses has been burned and rolled into the river, and the work of destruction is still going on." Another letter from the flotilla has this statement: "You will perceive, by perusing the Memphis papers enclosed, that Curtis is in possession of Little Rock, and is now descending the Arkansas River, and will make a junction with our forces at Memphis."

A Black George Washington.

The Herald's war correspondents generally seek opportunities to heap reproach and ridicule upon the loyal blacks. Occasionally, however, one of them forgets his cue and tells such tales as this:

Newport News, May 4.—The servant of the writer, a very intelligent free negro by the name of George Washington, went across to the rebel shore last evening for the purpose of bringing over his wife and child, who were living in a house near the water, and who had been treated with great severity by their master ever since George has "seceded." The expedition was a perfect success, and the man brought not only his own family across, but induced some twelve others to go with him. When it is remembered that the slaveholders tell the negroes the greatest falsehoods in regard to our treatment of them, such as this, that we shoot all the old men when they arrive here, and sell the young ones to Cuba to pay for the expenses of the war, it is easily seen that this expedition will bear important results. It will at least have the effect to make the negroes unwilling to fight against us, as they have been compelled to do at Manassas and Yorktown. George left a few lines at the house of his wife's late master, stating that he had been there, and regretting that he could not have the pleasure to pay his respects in person. He assured him, however, that he was very well off at Newport's News, and that the Yankees were not such a hard set of barbarians after all. George passed three different picket guards, all of whom were sleeping as soundly as if the "Confederation" was a foregone conclusion.

Black Soldiers in South Carolina.

Hilton Head, May 14.—Agreeably to an order from Gen. Hunter, the enlistment of black men has begun. Already several thousand rifled muskets and uniforms are in waiting for the use of the loyal hands of those who this morning shouted a loyal Aye! to the question of enlistment. The 1st Regiment is under command of one of Gen. Hunter's staff, and the inferior officers are drawn from the non-commissioned of other regiments. They show interest and pride, as well as aptness, in acquiring the manual.

The project is an exceedingly humane one for troops, as it relieves them of much laborious fatigue duty, and supplies their places during the hot weather in positions which could not be otherwise held without great sacrifice of the lives of our own enlisted men. They are to be kept separate from other troops, and will probably be used for garrison and picket duty in such exposed places as their previous lives fit them to hold.—*Tribune.*

Negroes Working and Learning.

NEWBERN, Saturday, May 3.

The blacks gladly accept of work on the fortifications and other works near the town, where there are some seven hundred now employed. A splendid fortification commanding the approaches to the town has been completed wholly by their labor. They receive rations and eight dollars per month. They have thus relieved the soldiers of the most fatiguing labor, and left them to guard the town and its approaches. It is hoped that, when they are paid, those who have performed so much useful labor in Gen. Parke's division, will not be forgotten. About 4,433 black persons have received assistance, but the amount distributed to them bears no comparison, in quantity, to that distributed to white families.

Mr. Colyer has established a thriving school for blacks in the African Methodist Church, which is thronged on every evening of the week except Saturdays. Over six hundred children and adults are thus being taught to read. Non-commissioned officers of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment have volunteered as teachers, and the work is going on encouragingly. These dusky pupils evince the greatest eagerness to learn, and many cases of remarkable aptitude have appeared.—*Times.*

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, with Gen. Mitchell's Division, relates an incident which shows how willingly the loyal blacks respond to the call of our army commanders:

There is one thing for which Col. Turchin is worthy of all praise. The most of the planters in the neighborhood of the bridge which he built, had fled from their plantations, or were so frightened that they did not attempt to exercise any authority over their slaves. The colored people, of course, came crowding around our troops. Col. Turchin asked them if they were willing to work. They all, with the utmost alacrity, declared that they were; and in a short time, 150 pairs of stout, honest, dusky hands were working away at the bridge. Never did laborers perform more cheerful, willing service; and, when at meal time they drew up in two-ranks, for the purpose of receiving their rations, a happier and more smiling, grinning set of countenances is seldom ever seen.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S COACHMAN.—William S. Jackson, late coachman to the President of the Rebel Confederacy, arrived in this city from Washington on Wednesday, bringing letters of introduction to us and to other persons here. He is a fine-looking, intelligent negro, 30 years of age, and while rejoicing in his own escape from the hell of slavery, is deeply pained by the reflection that he has left a wife and three children in bondage. He commended himself very satisfactorily to Gen. McDowell, the Secretary of War, and other eminent men by his evident candor and truthfulness; and indeed he hardly needs any other certificate of character than his own honest face. He has come here to find an opportunity to earn his living by honest labor.

THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events, 1860—'62. Edited by FRANK MOORE. Part XVI. Portraits of Capt. Charles Wilkes and Lieut. John T. Greble. The Diary of Events is here brought up to Dec. 12, 1861. As the work advances its value and importance become more manifest. Already we find frequent occasion of referring to its pages for facts and documents not to be found elsewhere without great trouble. To anyone who desires to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the war, and to separate facts from loose rumors, "The Rebellion Record" offers itself as a guide and an authority only not infallible. The poems inspired or suggested by the war, and the striking incidents relating thereto, are here carefully recorded for the curious reader and the future historian.—G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for May (No. CCXXXI.) contains nine articles—all very good—as follows: The Best Government; Spencer's Reconciliation of Science and Religion; Alteration of Hymns; After Icebergs with a Painter; Public Prayer; The Ethics of Treason; The Greeks; Auerbach's Writings; Review of Current Literature. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

NOTICE.—Members of the American, Pennsylvania, Western, or Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, contributing annually to the funds of either of these Societies, can receive a copy of the last very valuable Report of the American Society, entitled, *The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year*, by sending a request to that effect to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston, and enclosing stamps sufficient to prepay the postage, viz., *fourteen cents.*

THE friends of Harriet Tubman, not knowing where a letter would reach her, request us to state that her parents, not having heard from her for three or four months, are suffering great anxiety and no little want on account of her absence.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Sandy Hill, April 13th, of consumption, Mrs. SALLIE G. WOODWORTH, wife of Mr. Abel Woodworth, aged 62.

Mrs. W. was a native of Sutton, N. H., and daughter of the late Nathan Andrews, of that place. She early espoused the Christian religion, which she well adorned by a truly devoted and self-denying life. She was a firm, practical and cheerful friend to all objects of charity. Her sympathies were early enlisted in the Anti-Slavery cause, and she was a constant subscriber to the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, from nearly its earliest issue. Her benevolent deeds, though limited by her income, she ever intended should accomplish the greatest amount of good.

The Anti-Slavery and other benevolent societies share in her last will.

Summary.

THE FREEDMEN in and around Beaufort, S. C., exceed in number the whole population of the Colony of Liberia.

A CRIME PREVENTED.—The Union forces arrived in Norfolk just in time to prevent one hundred and twelve male and two hundred and four female free colored persons from being sold into slavery to pay their city taxes. They were advertised to be sold at auction on the 12th inst.

A devout slaveholder in Louisville was exhorting a poor, pious old female to be very humble, reminding her that the Savior Jesus had neither house nor home. "Yes," she replied with emphasis, "Blessed be God—he had no house, no home, and no niggers!"

EMANCIPATION IN FLORIDA.—*The Herald's* Washington correspondent says: "Several Florida refugees, who are here, are said to be preparing, under the instructions of Mr. Sumner, a memorial to Congress, setting forth a statement that a majority of the people of Florida are in favor of emancipation of the slaves."

ARMING SLAVES.—Intelligent fugitive slaves who have come within Gen. McDowell's lines assert that the rebels some time since seriously considered the propriety of arming the slaves, but concluded not to do so, for the reason that they were not sure whom they would shoot. "Golly, we knows who to shoot, massa," added one of the loyal negroes who made this statement.

SELLING HIS OWN CHILDREN.—A number of years ago a free black man of Washington City raised sufficient money to purchase a black woman. By her he has since raised a family of six or seven children. As by the law of the District, the child follows the condition of the mother, of course these children are his *slaves*. He has therefore filed his claim, and asked payment from the government, valuing his *picaninies* at $300 each.—*Wheeling Press.*

Secretary Chase says that the expenses of the war have been exaggerated, only an occasional day's expenses having run up to the maximum stated in the newspapers. On a thorough review of our past, present and prospective expenses, he does not estimate the total debt on July 1, at over $600,000,000. He has recommended to Congress the issuing of $25,000,000 of demand treasury notes of denominations under $5.

A REBEL SONG CAPTURED.—Captain Boggs states that the rebel melody beginning

"Picayune Butler has come to town,"

has almost ceased to be sung by the secessionists of New Orleans. Our men, however, have caught it up; the camps of the Federal army are alive with it, and it can be heard of a moonlight evening on the vessels ascending the Mississippi.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.—We remember no time when the letters in the press from Washington showed so little ability as at present. With the exception of the New York *Evening Post*, *Springfield Republican*, ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and *Independent*, scarcely one of the papers north of Pennsylvania, and east of Ohio, employs a first-rate letter-writer at the Capital—and the correspondence of all four of the journals mentioned, we are inclined to believe, is done by one hand. Yet there is no reading more popular with the public than graphic descriptions of scenes and debates at the Capital. It is singular that the enterprise of journalists overlooks this fact.—*Roxbury (Mass.) Journal.*

REBEL BARBARITY.—The following letter is said to have been picked up at Centreville, having been left there by the rebels:

"I send home for Ben the under jaw of a Yankee, which Pa will keep for him; it came from the battle-field. Persons go to the field with large bags and fill them with bones of all kinds and carry them off. I saw two men shot yesterday, Tigers from New Orleans. They were killed for mutiny, shot at the stake by their own company."

A SLAVEHOLDER of Prince George County, Md., who has some forty slaves, expresses himself in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the whole country since the signature of the District Abolition Act by the President. He says this measure is the death-blow to slavery in all the slave States, and he is persuaded if Congress will pass a law at once providing for compensation to loyal slaveholders, upon the principle of the District act, that every slave State will speedily accept it and abolish slavery.—*Balt. Cor. Eve. Post.*

KENTUCKY ASKING FOR CONFISCATION.—We learn that a gentleman occupying a high position in Kentucky arrived here yesterday, to represent to the President and Congress that it is the opinion of the men of that State that energetic measures for the punishment of the rebels and the confiscation of their property are absolutely indispensable for the restoration of social order at the South. He insists that Messrs. Crittenden, Wickliffe and their associates wholly misrepresent Kentucky on that question.—*Wash. Repub., May* 12.

THE PRESIDENT AT A PRO-SLAVERY CHURCH.—Dr. Sampson, President of Columbia College, just north of the city, and a very distinguished Baptist divine, preached for Dr. Gurley last Sunday. The President attends Mr. Gurley's Church, and Dr. Sampson has had the reputation of sympathizing with the rebellion ever since it broke out. Yet Dr. Gurley asked Sampson to preach to the President, knowing that he had steadily refused to pray for the army and the navy of the United States, and the said Sampson did preach to Mr. Lincoln last Sunday, and refused to pray for the success of the army and navy!—*Wash. Cor. Eve. Post.*

EMANCIPATION.—Mr. Wilson's new bill, freeing the wives and children of slaves set free by the act of the extra session, is of importance. It will be remembered that the act referred to emancipates all slaves employed by the rebels on military works in the war. It did not free the families of the slaves so employed. Mr. Wilson goes now a step further, and frees the wives and children. A Southern member of Congress remarks that this is the "insidious" way in which the Republicans are undermining slavery. Mr. Wilson is certainly sleepless in his endeavors to make a "reconstruction of the Union" with slavery domineering and dominant, impossible—or at least to give slavery all the honest blows which the times will permit.—*Wash. Cor. Eve. Post.*

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CHICAGO, among whom are found men of wealth and intelligence, recently held a meeting, which was largely attended, in which they passed a series of resolutions expressive of their high regard for President Lincoln, and for the soldiers of the Union, their gratitude for the Emancipation act in the District of Columbia, their love of this country and devotion to it, their regret that they are not permitted to enlist among its defenders, and their confidence that, if slavery should be abolished at the South, there would be a general migration thither of the colored people now at the North.

WHY SHE WANTS TO BE FREE.—A black woman came to the Emancipation Commissioners, who are holding daily sessions at the City Hall, to get her free papers, saying that she had been owned by a man in Maryland, who has had her hired out in the city for several years, and that she thinks she is free. Two men with a carriage had been watching for her all night to carry her out of the District, and make a slave of her, but she prefers freedom to slavery. On being asked why she wished to be free, "Golly, massa," said she, "I'se tried slavery thirty-four years, and now I'd like to try freedom jist a few years, and if I dosant like it so well as slavery, I'll let massa know it. Yaw, haw, haw!" One of the Commissioners kindly told her she was free. "God bless you, massa; dat's good!"—*Wash. Cor. Trib.*

DANCING JUSTIFIED.—At a meeting of the colored population of Hartford, held on Tuesday evening, to give thanks for the emancipation of the slaves in the District, a colored preacher, Rev. James A. Jones, said he was in Washington when the bill was signed, and attended the colored meeting on the following Sabbath. On that occasion he said that some of the congregation were excited almost to dancing, and "although opposed to dancing himself, still if the people got up a dance to praise the Lord for emancipation he would not object to take a part, and saw no harm in praising him with fiddle and that sort of things."

TRACTS FOR THE WOUNDED.—Passing through Ward No. 13 of the Adams House Hospital, my attention was called to a poor soldier from one of our New York regiments, who was experiencing great suffering from a wound in the shoulder and one in the head. The tract woman came along, put down a tract, told him she had come to do his soul good. The poor fellow rose up, looked at her a moment, saying, "Tracts, madam, I can't eat tracts, I can't drink tracts, but you can make tracks as soon as you please." The tract woman may have meant well enough, but one-half of the female distributors do not understand how to administer true human charity.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

"A SILENT MEETING."—Mr. Merwin, in his speech at the recent meeting of the American Temperance Union, said: "The Quakers are fighting for the Union. A young man in Washington, a member of a Quaker family, enlisted in the Union army. He called to say farewell to an old aunt, a Quaker lady, who remarked to him, 'Thomas, what strange clothes thee has on, for a Friend!' 'Yes, Rebecca, they are military clothes. I have joined the army, and I am going to do something for my country.' 'Well, Thomas, this is a good country, and we have an excellent government, and thee knows my sentiments about war, and what my teachings have always been; but, Thomas, if thee takes a gun, and thee should meet any of the wicked rebels, I advise thee, Thomas, not to have a *silent meeting*.'"

PROGRESS IN CALIFORNIA.—A bill to allow colored persons to testify in criminal proceedings lately passed to be engrossed in the California House of Representatives—ayes 37, nays 29. *The Pacific Appeal*, the organ of the colored people of that State, says: "A few years since, such action as we now record, in a California Legislature, would have amazed the whole community. But times are changing; men change. In the evolution of events it is boldly declared in the Legislature of this State, that colored men have rights that white men are bound to respect. To become effective this bill must pass the Senate and have the signature of the Governor. The passage of the measure through the Senate is considered doubtful, but we can hardly think it possible that men of intelligence will allow prejudices and policy (and the worst kind of policy) to carry them away from justice, humanity, benevolence, truth."

ANTHONY BURNS.—This freedman, whose rendition to slavery did so much to intensify the anti-slavery sentiment of New England, is now laboring in Canada. A correspondent of *The Congregationalist* says, "While on exchange with the pastor of the American Presbyterian Church in St. Catherine, C. W., last Sabbath, I called on Anthony Burns. I found the same man, whose return to slavery through the streets of Boston I witnessed on that memorable Friday. As I lifted the latch and slowly opened the door, I heard a voice in prayer, and found that Burns was sick with inflammation of the lungs; and the pastor of the Baptist Church, a genuine Scotchman, had called to cheer his brother. * * Rev. Anthony Burns preaches to a large congregation of colored people, and is beloved and honored as a consistent Christian.—*Zion's Advocate.*

A REAL LEGREE.—A correspondent of *The World*, writing from New Kent Co., Va., says: "I hardly ever expected to see a man who, in every respect, would remind me of Legree. But here, in the person of the overseer of this plantation, is positively the most brutal looking, fiendish, and utterly repulsive appearing man that ever cracked a whip over the back of a toiling slave. Lacking only the physical vigor of ten years ago, he still possesses, in appearance, the completest combination of the brutal passions that were ever depicted on human countenance. Lank, lean and ghoulish, he stalks about the yard gazing upon the legions of stalwart men before him, and had he not gnashed his teeth to pieces at the perversity of his minions, would now, no doubt, give such expression to the rage which fitfully flashes from his bleared eyes. 'O, yas, massa, he hard taskmaster,' said one of the boys, in a low tone, to a question put to him. Most certainly his appearance does not belie him."

HOW THE ACT OF EMANCIPATION WORKS.—A few days before the passage of the act through the House, and after it had passed the Senate, a gentleman of Georgetown applied to the Orphan's Court, Judge Purcell, to bind a girl of eleven years of age to him till she was sixteen, the laws not allowing girls to be bound till over sixteen. The mother of the girl was free, the father a slave of the man who desired the child to be bound. The Court wisely continued the case for a week to ascertain whether the evidence would so warrant the binding of the child. In the meantime the Emancipation Act freed the father, and he appeared in Court to resist the application. The Judge asked him, "Do you love to work?

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THERE leaned at supper on His breast
One whom He loved, and each confessed,
"He loves not me, but him, the best."

And still, in later days, around
The board His chosen few are found:
Sage, Hero, Poet—laurel-crowned.

But one upon His bosom lies,
John the Beloved; his kindly eyes
Waiting the Master's low replies.

—Oh, Poet of the Poor, the Oppressed,
Nearest to Jesus' pitying breast,
He loves not us, but thee, the best!

So, more than unto all the Eleven,
His pitying grace to thee has given
To ope for them the gate of heaven.

Oh, Hero-bard, among thy peers
God-chosen through these stormy years,
To bear His Ark, albeit with tears—

When Africa, so bruited now,
Among the Nations lifts her brow,
Washed clean as infancy—and thou,

Still lingering on these earthly banks,
Shalt raise thine eyes and give God thanks,
No name along the shining ranks

Of Cherubim God's throne around,
Shall louder swell or worthier sound,
As weighed and yet not wanting found,

Than thine! Then live on, blessing, blest;
John the Beloved! Jesus' breast
Ne'er pillowed nobler, worthier guest.

Fitchburg, Mass. C. A. M.

PARSON BROWNLOW IN NEW YORK.

[The Academy of Music in this city was densely crowded from parquet to dome on Thursday evening, May 15th, by an audience anxious to see and hear the celebrated exile from East Tennessee, the Rev. WM. G. BROWNLOW. The meeting was gathered under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican Union; the price of admission to the more eligible parts of the house was 50 cents, to the amphitheatre 25 cents; and the whole proceeds were pledged for the reestablishment of Mr. Brownlow's paper, the Knoxville *Whig*. In the absence of Gov. Morgan, who was expected to preside, the chair was taken by WM. M. EVARTS, Esq. The scene at the moment when Mr. Brownlow was led upon the stage by Mr. Rogers, President of the Young Men's Republican Union, was indescribable. The whole assembly sprang simultaneously to their feet; the clapping of hands seemed almost to shake the very walls; gentlemen waved their hats and ladies their handkerchiefs; and all this was followed by cheer upon cheer, indicating the "irrepressible" enthusiasm of the crowd. Mr. Brownlow's speech was well calculated to prolong this enthusiasm, being a fearless exposure of the wickedness of the rebellion, of the incomparable meanness and baseness of its leaders, and a recital of some of the barbarities which have attended their movements, especially in East Tennessee. He is a far more effective speaker than we expected to find him, and we are glad to say that while he denounced in unsparing terms not only the rebels but their Northern apologists, *he said not a word against the Abolitionists*. He has learned something since he spoke in Cincinnati. *There* he was for hanging Secessionists and Abolitionists in pairs; *here* he was for hanging only the Secessionists. A remarkable change! We present extracts from his speech.]

THERE is one thing I am confident of this evening, and that is, I address an appreciative audience, an assemblage who have congregated on this occasion to hear some facts in reference to the great rebellion South—the gigantic conspiracy of the nineteenth century: and I shall therefore look more to *what* I shall say than to the manner of saying it—more, if you please, to the subject matter of what I shall say than to any studied effort at display or beauty and force of language. I will be allowed by you an additional remark or two personal to myself. For the last thirty-five years of my somewhat eventful life I have been accustomed to speak in public upon all the subjects afloat in the land, for I have never been neutral on any subject that ever came up in that time (laughter and applause). Independent in all things, and under all circumstances, I have never been entirely neutral, but have always taken a hand in what was abroad or afloat. About three years ago my voice entirely failed from a stubborn attack of bronchitis, and for two years of that time I was unable to speak above a whisper. During that period I performed a pilgrimage to New York and had an operation performed upon my throat, and was otherwise treated by an eminent physician of this city, who greatly benefitted me, and who, when I parted with him, enjoined it upon me to go home and occasionally exercise my speaking machinery, and if I could do no better to retire to the grove or village of the town where I live, and to make short speeches, to declaim upon stumps or logs, as the case might be. Instead of doing so, however, in the town in which I live I frequently addressed a temperance organization in favor of total abstinence, and you all know that is a good cause ("good," and applause). At other times, as a regularly ordained licensed Methodist preacher, I tried to preach short sermons. That is a good cause, you admit (applause). And yet, both together failed to restore my voice (laughter)—and when I left home for the North, by way of Cincinnati, I had no intention or expectation of making a speech; but as soon as I opened my batteries in Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, against this infinitely infernal rebellion, I found myself able to speak and to be heard half a mile (great laughter). I attribute the partial restoration of my voice to the goodness, the glory of the godlike cause in which I profess to be engaged—that of vindicating the Union (applause).

I say to you, as I have said time and again, that the people of the South, the demagogues and leaders of the South, are to blame for having brought about rebellion, and not the people of the North (cheers). We have intended down South for thirty years to break up this government. It has been our settled purpose and our sole aim down South to destroy the Union and break up the government. We have had the Presidency in the South twice to your once, and five of our men were reelected to the Presidency, filling a period of forty years. In addition to that we have had divers men elected for one term, and no man at the North ever was permitted to serve but the one term; and, in addition to having elected our men twice to your once, and occupied the chair twice as long as you ever did, we seized upon and appropriated two or three miscreants from the North that we elected to the Presidency, and ploughed with them as our heifers (great laughter and applause). We asked of you and obtained at your hands a Fugitive Slave law. You voted for and helped us to enact and to establish it. We asked of you and obtained the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, which never ought to have been repealed. I fought it to the bitter end, and denounced it and all concerned in repealing it, and I repeat it here again to-night. We asked and obtained the admission of Texas into the Union, that we might have slave territory enough to form some four or five more great States, and you granted it. You have granted us from first to last all we have asked, all we have desired; and hence I repeat that this thing of secession, this wicked attempt to dissolve the Union, has been brought about without the shadow of a cause. It is the work of the worst men that ever God permitted to live on the face of this earth (applause). It is the work of a set of men down South who, if, in winding up this revolution, our Administration and government shall fail to hang them as high as Haman—hang every one of them—we will make an utter failure. I have confidence myself, and thank God I have always had faith and confidence, in the government crushing out this rebellion (applause). We have the men at the head of affairs who will do it (cheers)—and that gallant and glorious man—McClellan (enthusiastic cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted for some minutes)—a man in whose ability and integrity I have all the time had confidence, and prophesied he would come right side up (laughter and applause). My own distracted and oppressed section of the country, East Tennessee, falls now by the new arrangement into the military district of that hero, Fremont (enthusiastic cheers). We rejoiced in Tennessee when we heard that we had fallen into his dvision (applause), and although I have always differed with him in politics, yet in war he is my sort of man. He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn (great laughter) in the attempt. When he gets ready to go down into East Tennessee I hope he will let me know. I want to go with him side by side, on a horse, with epaulettes, a cocked hat and a sword; and our friend Briggs, of New York, a former member from Congress, who is now on the platform, has promised me a large coil of rope, and I want the pleasure of showing them who to hang (great applause).

When Floyd commenced stealing muskets and other implements of war, and his associates commenced plotting treason, had Old Hickory been President, rising about ten feet in his boots and taking Floyd by the collar, he would have sworn by the God that made Moses, *this thing must stop* (great laughter and applause). And when Andrew Jackson swore that a thing had to stop, it had to stop (laughter). . . . . The great rebellion of the age is now on hand, and I believe that Abe Lincoln, with the people to back him, will crush it out (cheers and applause). It will be done, it must be done, and it shall be done (great cheering).

On the 6th day of December they marched me off to jail—a miserable, uncomfortable, damp and desperate jail—where I found, when I was ushered into it, some 150 Union men; and, as God is my judge, I say here to-night, there was not in the whole jail a chair, bench, stool or table, or any piece of furniture, except a dirty old wooden bucket and a pair of tin dippers to drink with. I found some of the first and best men of the whole country there. I knew them all, and they knew me, as I had been among them for thirty years, they rallied round me, smiling and glad to see me, as I could give them the news that had been kept from them. Some took me by the hand, and were utterly speechless, and, with bitter, burning tears running down their cheeks, they said that they never thought that they would come to this—looking through the bars of a grate. Speaking first to one and then another, I bade them be of good cheer and take good courage. Addressing them, I said, "Is it for stealing you are here? No. Is it for counterfeiting? No. Is it for manslaughter? No. You are here, boys, because you adhere to the flag and the Constitution of our country (cheers). I am here with you for no other offence but that; and, as God is my judge, boys, I look upon this 6th day of December as the proudest day of my life (great applause). And here I intend to stay until I die of old age or until they choose to hang me. I will never renounce my principles" (cheers). The brigadier who was in command of the military post paid me a special visit, two of his aids accompanying him. He came in, bowed and scraped, saying: "Why, Brownlow, you ought not to be in here." "So I think, but your Generals," I replied, "have thought otherwise, and they have put me here." "I have come to inform you that if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, we will guarantee the protection and safety of yourself and family." Rising up several feet in my boots at that time, and looking him full in the eye—"Why," said I, "I intend to lie here until I rot from disease, or die of old age, before I will take the oath of allegiance to your government. I deny your right to administer such an oath. I deny that you have any government other than a Southern mob. You have never been recognized by any civilized Power on the face of the earth, and you will never be (applause). I will see the Southern Confederacy, and you and I on top of it, in the infernal regions before I will do it." "Well," said he, "that's damned plain talk" (laughter and applause). "Yes," I replied, "that's the way to talk in revolutionary times." But, gentlemen and ladies, things went on. They tightened up; they grew tighter, and still more tight. Many of our company became sick. We had to lie upon that miserable, cold, naked floor, with not room enough for us all to lie down at the same time—and you may think what it must have been in December and January—spelling each other, one lying down awhile on the floor and then another taking his place so made warm, and that was the way we managed until many became sick unto death. A number of the prisoners died of pneumonia and typhoid fever, and other diseases contracted by exposure there. I shall never forget, while my head is above ground, the scenes I passed through in that jail. I recollect there were two venerable Baptist clergymen there—Mr. Pope and Mr. Cate. The old man Cate had three sons in jail. One of them, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist Church, who was there for having committed no other crime than that of refusing to volunteer, lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him and an old overcoat doubled up for a pillow, in the very agonies of death, unable to turn over. His wife came to visit him, bringing her youngest child with her, which was but a babe, but they refused her admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them, for God's sake, to let the poor woman come in, as her husband was dying. They at last consented that she might see him for the limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in, and looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor with the babe in her arms, had I not rushed up to her and cried, "Let me have the babe," and then she sank down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable at first to speak a single word. I sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in, and in an insulting and peremptory manner notified her that the interview was to close. I hope I may never see such a scene again; and yet such cases were common all over East Tennessee. Such actions as these show the spirit of secession in the South. It is the spirit of murder and assassination—it is the spirit of hell. And yet you have men at the North who sympathize with these infernal murderers (applause). If I owed the devil a debt, and it was to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting and God-forsaken wretches that could be culled from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to his Satanic Majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathize with this infernal rebellion (great cheering). If I am severe and bitter in my remarks (cries of "No, no; not a bit of it")—if I am, gentlemen, you must consider that we in the South make a personal matter of this thing (laughter). We have no respect or confidence in any Northern man who sympathizes with this infernal rebellion (cries of "Good, good")—nor should any be tolerated in walking Broadway at any time. Why, gentlemen, after the battle of Manassas and Bull Run the officers and privates of the Confederate army passed through our town on their way to Dixie, exulting over the victory they had achieved, and some of them had what they called Yankee heads, or the entire heads of Federal soldiers, some of them with long beards and goatees, by which they would take them up and say, "See! here is the head of a damned soldier captured at Bull Run." That is the spirit of secession at the South. It is the spirit of murder, of the vile untutored savage; it is the spirit of hell, and he who apologizes for them is no better than those who perpetrate the deed. In Andy Johnson's town they had the jail full of prisoners, drove his family out of his house, and his wife being in the last stages of consumption, appropriated his house, carpets and bedding for a hospital, and his wife had to take shelter with one of her daughters in an adjoining County, and Johnson has in him to-night a devil as big as this pitcher—and there is in the bosom of every Union man in Tennessee a devil as big as my hat; and whenever the Federal army shall find its way there, we will shoot them down like dogs and hang them on every limb we come to (applause). They have had their time of hanging and shooting, and our time comes next; and I hope to God that it will not be long. I am watching in the papers the movements of the army, and whenever I hear that my country is captured I intend to return post haste and point out the rebels (cheers). I have no other ambition on earth but to resurrect the Knoxville *Whig* and get it in full blast, with one hundred thousand subscribers (cheers). And then, as the negroes say down South, "I'll 'spress my opinion of some of them" (great laughter). If I have any talent on God's earth it is the talent to pile up epithets one upon another (laughter and cheers). But in the town of Greenville, where Andrew Johnson resides, they took out of the jail, at one time, two innocent Union men, who had committed no offence on the face of the earth, but that of being Union men—Nasby and Fry. Fry was a poor shoemaker with a wife and half a dozen children. A fellow from way down East in Maine, by the name of Daniel Leadbeater, the bloodiest and the most ultra man, the vilest wretch, the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever made a track in East Tennessee—Col. Daniel Leadbeater, late of the United States army, but now a rebel in the secession army—took these two men, tied them with his own hands upon one limb, immediately over the railroad track in the town of Greenville, and ordered them to hang four days and nights, and directed all the engineers and conductors to go by that hanging concern slow, in a kind of snail gallop, up and down the road, to give the passengers an opportunity to kick the rigid bodies and strike them with their rattans, and they did it. I pledge you my honor that on the front platform they made a business of kicking the dead bodies as they passed by; and the women (I will not say ladies, for down South we make a distinction between ladies and women)—the women, the wives and daughters of men in high position, waved their white handkerchiefs in triumph through the windows of the car at the sight of the two dead bodies hanging there. Leadbeater, for his murderous courage, was promoted by Jeff Davis to the office of Brigadier-General. In the County of Knox, where I reside, and only seven miles west of the town of Knoxville, they caught up Union men, tied them upon logs, elevated the log upon blocks six or ten inches from the ground, put the men upon their breasts, tieing their hands and feet under the log, stripped their backs entirely bare, and then, with switches, cut their backs literally to pieces, the blood running down at every stroke. They came into court when it was in session, and when the case was stated the Judge replied: "These are revolutionary times, and there is no remedy for anything of the kind." Hence, you see, our remedy is in our own hands; and, with the help of guns, and swords, and sabres, we intend, God willing, to slay them when we get back there, wherever we find them (cheers). In the jail where I lay they were accustomed to drive up with a cart, with an ugly, rough, flat-topped coffin upon it, surrounded by fifteen to forty men, with bristling bayonets, as a guard to march in through the gate into the jail yard, with steady, military tread. We trembled in our boots, for they never notified us who was to be hanged, and you may imagine how your humble servant felt; for if any man in that jail, under their law, deserved the gallows, I claim to have been the man. I knew it and they knew it. They came sometimes with two coffins, one on each cart, and they took two men at a time and marched them out. A poor old man of sixty-five and his son of twenty-five were marched out at one time and hanged on the same gallows. They made that poor old man, who was a Methodist class leader, sit by and see his son hang till he was dead, and then they called him a damned Lincolnite Union-shrieker, and said, "Come on; it is your turn next." He sank, but they propped him up and led him to the halter, and swung both off on the same gallows. They came, after that, for another man, and they took J. C. Haum out of jail—a young man of fine sense, good address, and of excellent character—a tall, spare made man, leaving a wife at home, with four or five helpless children. My wife passed the farm of Haum the other day, when they drove her out of Tennessee and sent her on to New Jersey—I thank them kindly for doing so—and saw his wife ploughing with a shovel plough, endeavoring to raise corn for her suffering and starving children. That is the spirit of secession, gentlemen. And yet you have a set of God-forsaken, unprincipled men at the North who are apologizing for them, and sympathizing with them (applause). When they took Haum out and placed him on the scaffold, they had a drunken chaplain. They were kind enough to notify him an hour before the hanging that he was to hang. Haum at once made an application for a Methodist preacher, a Union man, to come and pray for him. They denied him the privilege, and said that God didn't hear any prayers in behalf of any damned Union-shrieker, and he had literally to die without the benefit of clergy. But they had near the gallows an unprincipled, drunken chaplain of their own army, who got up and undertook to apologize for Haum. He said: "This poor, unfortunate man, who is about to pay the debt of nature, regrets the course he took. He says he was misled by the Union papers." Haum rose up, and with a clear, stentorian voice, said, "Fellow-citizens—There is not a word of truth in that statement. I have authorized nobody to make such a statement. What I have said and done I have done and said with my eyes open, and, if it were to be done over, I would do it again. I am ready to hang, and you can execute your purposes." He died like a man; he died like a Union man, like an East Tennessean. As God is my judge, I would sooner be Haum in the grave to-day than any of the scoundrels concerned in his murder (great applause). This, ladies and gentlemen, is the spirit of secession all over the South; it is the spirit that actuates them everywhere; it is the spirit of murder, it is the spirit of the infernal regions, and in God's name can you any longer excuse or apologize for such murderous and bloodthirsty demons as live down in the Southern Confederacy (loud cries of "No, no"). Hanging is going on all over East Tennessee. They shoot them down in the fields, they whip them; and, strange as it may seem to you, in the Counties of Campbell and Anderson they actually lacerate with switches the bodies of females, wives and daughters of Union men—clever, respectable women. They show no quarters to male or female; they rob their houses and they throw them into prison. Our jails are all full now, and we have complained and thought hard that our government has not come to our relief, for a more loyal, a more devoted people to the stars and stripes never lived on the face of God's earth than the Union people of Tennessee (loud cheers). With tears in their eyes they begged me, upon leaving East Tennessee, for God Almighty's sake, to see the President, to see the army officers, so as to have relief sent to them and bring them out of jail. I am happy to announce to you that the rebellion will soon be played out. Thank God for his mercies, it will soon have been played out (cheers). Richmond will be obliged to fall very soon, for that noble fellow, McClellan, will capture the whole of them (renewed applause). I have confidence and faith in Fremont, and hope he may rush into East Tennessee. If Halleck, Buell & Co. (great cheering) will only capture the region round about Corinth and take Memphis, the play is out and the dog is dead (laughter and cheers). Then let us drive the leaders down into the Gulf of Mexico, as the devils drove the hogs into the sea of Galilee (laughter and applause).

OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[The following lines by ALFRED TENNYSON were sung at the opening of the New International Exhibition in London.]

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labor have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

O, silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,
And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Part divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain
And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crown'd with all her flowers.

ADMISSION OF LADIES TO DEGREES AT LONDON UNIVERSITY.

From The English Woman's Journal.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that an effort is now being made for the admission of ladies to the examinations of the London University. From the liberal character of the Senate, and the high position, literary and social, of the promoters of the movement, there is good reason to expect that the attempt will be successful. It will then be in the power of any lady to take a degree in a university justly esteemed throughout Europe for the severity and strictness of its examinations. We need not dwell on the advantages which would accrue to the cause of education. If, as would probably at first be the case, the candidates were chiefly ladies intending to be governesses, the benefit would not be confined to themselves, but would be indirectly felt throughout society. Teaching would no longer be looked upon as the one profession which all women, however uneducated and unfit, may take up as a means of support. Governesses holding a degree would find themselves in a position somewhat akin to that of schoolmasters and private tutors, who can give similarly undeniable proof of preparation for their work, and the unqualified members of the profession would naturally sink to their proper level. The beneficial results of this measure would also be felt by persons in authority, who, while anxious to select the candidates most competent for various responsible offices, are embarrassed by the absence of any satisfactory evidence of fitness to guide them in their choice.

We may add, for the information of those of our readers who are unacquainted with the nature of the London University, that it differs from the older universities in giving no teaching of any kind. It is an examining body, composed of a Senate and a Board of Examiners, whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the high character of the examinations conducted by them. In all respects the arrangements are especially calculated to meet the tastes and requirements of ladies. The following short statement has been forwarded to us:

"A strong desire has for some time past been felt by many women, of the upper and middle classes, for some test of proficiency in the more solid branches of education, such as our universities offer to young men. The want of some such test acts as a discouragement to serious study, and so tends to foster the inaccuracy and incompleteness which may perhaps be regarded as especially the faults of women. The prospect of passing a thorough examination would, on the other hand, operate as a most useful stimulus to exertion, and the possession of a degree would be a guarantee of well-directed mental energy. To candidates for high educational offices, secretaryships, etc., such a certificate of ability would be especially valuable. It is believed that this privilege might be accorded by the University of London without risk of collateral evils. The university being simply an examining body, requiring no residence, and giving no course of instruction, the conditions of the examinations would not in any way interfere with a woman's ordinary domestic life. It is, therefore, hoped that the Senate may be willing to give the widest interpretation to the words of their Charter, and to 'hold forth to all classes and denominations' of her Majesty's subjects, not excluding women, 'an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education.'"

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the* Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged—may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

ANECDOTE OF REV. DR. NELSON.

SLAVES TAKING CARE OF THEMSELVES.

SAYS an exchange: The invariable argument of slaveholders, when urged to emancipate their slaves, is, "They are unfit for freedom, and would not know how to take care of themselves. They are better off in slavery than if set free." Many of the Northern States have similar feelings, but the following incident from the experience of Mr. Nelson, the distinguished author of the "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," is instructive on this point.

Although himself a slaveholder for many years, he could not feel that slavery was right, and when the colonization scheme was started, he entered heartily into it, hoping it would do away with the evil entirely; but soon satisfied it would never accomplish that for his country, he turned his attention to the duty of "immediate emancipation"; and, after long and prayerful consideration of the subject, he consulted his wife about the matter, and they decided to set their negroes free at once. So calling them together, he told them of his convictions of the sin of slavery, and that he had decided to give them free papers. Their joy was unbounded, and he was overwhelmed with their vociferous exclamations of "Tank you, massa!"

"Old Isaac," as he was called, was a very stupid, careless, indolent fellow, who seldom did anything right, even when he was told. If sent to the barn to feed the horse, he was sure to leave the measure where the horse would kick it over, and everything he undertook seemed to go wrong. So Dr. Nelson and his wife conscientiously concluded that it would not be right to set Isaac adrift, for he never could take care of himself, and would be in danger of starving.

Soon after, the doctor began to reason with his neighbors on the sin of slaveholding and the duty of emancipation, appealing to his own example as evidence of his sincerity. They replied that he had not liberated all, as Isaac was still a slave.

Dr. Nelson said that it was very true, and that for conscientious reasons he did not think that it would be right to turn off such a stupid fellow, and he retained him out of pity for him.

"That is just the case with our negroes," they replied. "They cannot take care of themselves, so we keep them for their own good."

Dr. Nelson was in a quandary. He saw that he must liberate Isaac at all events, if he would have any influence with others in the matter. So he went to him as he sat in the kitchen one day, with the same leaden look upon his face, seeming more asleep than awake. "Isaac," said Dr. N.

"Yes, massa," drawled Isaac.

"I have been thinking of giving you free papers" (Isaac looked up, wonderingly). "But I am afraid if I do, you will suffer" (Isaac opened his eyes wider than before). "I don't think you can take care of yourself; I have no idea you can" (Isaac looked anxious). "But I have made up my mind to set you free."

"Oh, tank you, tank you, massa!"

"And, Isaac, if you ever get hungry, just remember there is enough to eat in my kitchen, and come and help yourself."

Isaac no sooner realized that his master was in earnest than his face lighted up, and he burst out, "Oh, tank you, tank you, massa! Freedom is de sweetest ting in de wide world, massa!"

He took his papers and left, and for some months Dr. Nelson heard nothing of him. But one day, as he was travelling, he saw some one approaching on horseback. As he drew near, the "ivory" began to shine, the eyes rolled about in rather an unusual manner, and who should the stranger be but "Old Isaac," not the slave, but Isaac the freeman, in a new suit of clothes, and with a face no longer stupid, but full of the consciousness, and importance, and happiness of his new life! He was quite overjoyed at meeting his old master.

"And how do you like freedom, Isaac?"

"Oh, massa, freedom sweetest ting in de wide world! sweetest ting in de world, massa!"

"But what have you been doing, Isaac?"

"Oh, me been to work; me got forty dollars in me pocket; me own dis brack pony; tell what 'tis, freedom is de sweetest ting in the world, massa!"

And Dr. Nelson said he never afterward doubted that any slaves with the motives of freedom to inspire them to work, could "take care of themselves."

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CINCINNATI, O., May 12, 1862.

IT is now pretty certain what we are to expect after we have conquered the South. The South manifestly expects to save its fighting men from capture or slaughter by running, and then, where they are too much demoralized to be longer an army, to organize them into guerilla bands, with the expectation of making any occupation of their territory so perilous and uncomfortable as finally to drive us away through exhaustion. In the territory which we have already occupied, the guerilla programme has already been opened. Our steamers have been fired into on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers; travelling parties have been captured between towns under military occupation; and, at last, in the daring attack on the train at Cave City, Ky., the climax is capped. In Western Virginia whence, a year ago, McClellan announced that he had entirely extirpated rebellion, the war has turned entirely into a guerilla war, on their part, that will do more to make Unionism dangerous to the Virginians than aught else. In certain Counties of Western Virginia, the sad tragedies of Eastern Tennessee are apprehended. It is almost impossible to occupy all the towns and villages through which our armies pass; but, unless this is done, our path behind us is sown with dangers.

From one scale the naturalist will describe you the entire fish that bore it. From the way in which we are now occupying Southern Kentucky, Tennessee and Western Virginia, the way in which we shall occupy the 750 miles square of rebeldom may be inferred. There is to be perpetual terror, trouble and loss.

How long will our government shut its eyes to the *absolute necessity* of transfixing these murderous guerilla bands to their homes, by opening the door to the widest and freest escape of slaves? A proclamation to this effect would at once change every guerilla band into a patrol to watch slaves. But until the slave is declared free, our noble men are to be targets for these secret balls against which there is no defense.

Our experiences in the places which we are nominally occupying, demonstrate that no military occupancy of the entire South is possible without emancipation.

Sad news comes to us concerning our army in Tennessee. It seems that nearly every soldier that goes there is at once seized with a bad dysentery, which is usually attributed to the water of that region. The warm weather is adding to this the typhoid, the bilious, and another fever, to which the natives give the name (said to be very graphic) of *breakbone*, in which every bone in the body feels as if it were broken. It is a cousin-german to the typhus. Between all these, it is said that at least 12,000 of our braves in the Southwest are prostrate.

It is less than doubtful, too, whether our Northern physicians understand the peculiar forms of these fevers; though it is not doubtful that the doses are proportioned to the greatness of our glorious fabric, as Dr. Holmes would say; that the American eagle screams over doses of 30 grains of calomel, and the star-spangled banner waves over quantities of castor oil, jalap, and quinine, suggestive of our glorious lakes and incomparable rivers.

The Tribune, I observe, agrees with the St. Louis *Republican*, for once, and it is in requesting the government to indicate and hold to a distinct policy on the slavery matter, and one which shall make a more consistent working throughout our national lines. But I apprehend that you and your St. Louis cotemporary have different hopes in the matter; the St. Louis man hopes to drag the whole nation and army down to Halleck's Order No. 3—*The Tribune* thinks that the government would slay and bury all such orders. (And why, while McDowell is receiving slaves, freeing and organizing them, the infamous order of Halleck is permitted still to disgrace the West and stain its every victory, Heaven only knows!) But if the government is not equal to the plain duty of overruling the Order No. 3, the "blot on the 'scutcheon" of Halleck, it is to be feared that the time for establishing a uniform policy has not arrived yet, and that the government had best continue in its glorious inconsistency.

But there is one point where there is a serious fault, and a pressing need of "uniform policy." To us who live on the border there is a *daily scandal* arising from the folly, ignorance, or secret disloyalty of our judges, quartermasters, marshals, etc., respecting their treatment of rebel prisoners. No sooner have we got over the shock of having slavery perpetuated in Camp Chase, where loyal blacks were imprisoned to serve rebels, than we must see Confederate officers, with full uniforms and swords, parading the streets of the capital of Ohio, one or two of whom have gone off to spend the summer in Canada. (One of these impudent scoundrels actually had a full suit of Confederate uniform made by a Columbus tailor!)

But a fresh case has caused no little indignation in our city. Last week a number of distinguished secession prisoners were brought through Cincinnati, on their way to Camp Chase. The officers who had them in charge stopped over a day at the Burnet House, ordered for the party a glorious dinner, and afterward introduced them into the billiard room, where the "gentlemen" spent the afternoon playing. It is described as being one of the "jolliest" parties that ever came through the city. Several of these men have the blood of hundreds of our brethren on their hands; one was arrested as a spy. For their luxurious and indecent stay here the United States government foots the bill.

I know that the President and the War Secretary have much to attend to; but cannot they give orders concerning this treatment of rebels, whole and wounded, such as will stop the demoralization of public sentiment by confusing loyalty and disloyalty, which has been going on here for the last three months?

A KING IN CAPTIVITY.

A COMMUNICATION from Valparaiso, brought by the last West Indian mail, has the following: "An event which probably may lead to the interference of the French government has just taken place in South America, in the Araucanian provinces, tributaries of Chili. A Frenchman, originally from Perigeux, named Tonnens, had established himself among the tribes of the Gunchis, Huilieks, and Viliks, who people Arancania, to the south of the Rio Biobio, between the Andes and the sea. The superiority of M. Tonnens enabled him to acquire great influence over these semi-barbarous populations, to whom he had rendered great services; and about two years ago many of the tribes proclaimed him king. He took the name of Orelie-Antoine, and imposed upon himself the mission of organizing and civilizing the country. His projects and growing power gave umbrage to the Chilian government, which had in view to seize on Araucania. But King Aurelius, being an energetic man, determined to resist. He traversed the country to consult with the chiefs about repulsing vigorously any attacks of the Chilians, and came to an understanding with the chief Guentecol, who could of himself furnish 40,000 Indians. Continuing his expedition, he arrived on January 4th in the plain of Los Perales, and was resting himself with his followers under a tree, when a detachment of Chilian cavalry, sent by the governor of Nacimento, threw themselves upon him, forced him upon horseback, and conducted him to Nacimento, where he was thrown into prison. One of his followers, gained over by the Chilians, had apprised them of his movements. One would understand this act of violence if the tribes governed by King Aurelius had belonged to Chili. But the Araucanians always refused all temptations to submit, and concluded in 1773 with Chili a treaty of peace, which secured them the right of having a resident minister at Santiago. Consequently the arrest of King Orelie-Antoine on his own territory is an odious violation of the rights of men. Let us add, that among his papers have been found the draft of a code of laws and plans of administrative organization confirming all that has been said of his leaning to civilization."

BRASS TABLET TO EDMUND BURKE.

IN the parish of Beaconfield, where repose the mortal remains of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, a monument to him on one side of the church announces the fact, but until now there was no actual indication of the exact spot beneath which he lies buried. This was felt by the frequent visitors to the place to be a serious omission. To supply the deficiency some members of the wide-spread family of De Burgh, Bourke, or Burke, have clubbed together and have caused a handsome monumental brass inlaid in slate to be laid down exactly over the vault of the illustrious orator and statesman. The brass is a very beautiful piece of work; the design is exquisite, and is by that very accomplished amateur adept in heraldic and mediæval drawing, Mrs. John Hughes, of Gwerclas. The engraving on the brass was executed by Mr. E. Matthews, of 377 Oxford street, and it was neatly fixed in stone by Mr. Harley, statuary, of Windsor. The brass bears the following inscription: "Within the vault beneath, in a wooden coffin, lie the remains of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. This brass has been placed in the year of our Lord and Savior 1862, under the auspices of the Rev. John Gould, B. D., rector of Beaconsfield, by Edmund Haviland Burke, Esq., great grand-nephew and representative of Edmund Burke; and by Sir Ulysses de Burgh, G. C. B., Lord Downes; Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-of-Arms; Peter Burke, Serjeant-at-Law; Joseph Burke, Esq., of Elm-hall, in the County of Tipperary; Richard Bourke, of Thornfields, in the County of Limerick; and the Rev. Michael Burke, of Ballydugan, in the County of Galway, their object being to mark the grave of the greatest of their name." The slate on which the brass is laid bears this further inscription: "This stone, for the brass above it, presented by Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Shalston Bucks, and Walter Roman,